Special "Nut and Flapper" Number.

Modern Life

No. 57. SATURDAY, JUNE 6th, 1914. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) ONE PENNY.

A PAIR OF NUTCRACKERS.

Modern Life

No. 57. -Week ending June 6. One Penny.

Editorial & General Offices: 20 and 21, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C. Telegrams: "Eflinredom, Estrand, London." Telephone: City 8798.
Publishing Department: 20, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.
Annual Subscription, 6/6; six months, 3/3; three months, 1/8 post free. Subscriptions are to be forwarded to the Publishing Department at above address.
Notice to Contributors:—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words). Humorous and topical sketches (line drawings) will also be considered. Stamped envelope should be enclosed. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval.

ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

Who Are "The Royal Family"?

Lots of people have been genuinely surprised to find the War Office sending out an official list of the members of "The Royal Family." That list, published in all the Press on Thursday in last week, had its chief charm for most people in the names it did not contain. The King and Queen were not included. Neither was Princess Mary, and the only one of her brothers who figured amongst the War Office's "Royalties" was the Prince of Wales. Yet Queen Alexandra was included! The explanation is simple. As Sovereigns, King George and Queen Mary are not Royal Highnesses but Majesties, while their younger children under eighteen years of age are not entitled to ceremonial salutes by the Army, and therefore are not Royal Highnesses from the War Office's point of view.

Another reason for making the War Office's list of Royalties public is that owing to the marriages of British Royalties with foreigners it is often very difficult for adjutants to say whether Royal salutes and ceremonial dress should be used in the case of certain Princes and Princesses. There are, for instance, the Battenbergers and the Holsteiners. Princess Marie Louise of Schleswig-Holstein has been for months in the West Indies, and it is easy enough to imagine the discussions about her precise precedence and rank that have taken place in the messes of the regiments quartered there of late.

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Remarkable Failure of Sons to Thirty British Monarchs.

The "Royal Family," in this country, is confined to those persons who are first and second in descent from a British Sovereign. Some months ago we pointed this out, owing to the remarkable fact that not one of the thirty-odd monarchs who have reigned over Britain have bequeathed us a princely family which has run into the fourth generation of sons. The only family in this category at the present time is that of the Duke of Cumberland, who is the great-grandson of King George III., and is not a Royal Highness in England, but only a Duke, ranking as a British Peer of that title. In Europe, however, the Duke of Cumberland ranks as a very Royal Highness, owing to his father having been the last King of Hanover. The Duke's son, Prince Ernest of Cumberland, married the Kaiser's only daughter some months ago, and they have a son who is sixth in descent from a British King, and, if he were destined to live in Britain, would be the only un-Royal figure in Britain with purely Royal blood in his veins.

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Unique Position of the Coming Connaught Baby.

However, a British princely family of un-Royal rank, though delayed a thousand years, is very much of a potentiality in the near future, for Princess Arthur's child will be born in that category. Although Princess Arthur was a Highness before her marriage, and own niece to the Sovereign, she yet went up one upon her marriage, her husband being grandson of a British Sovereign, and therefore fully Royal. But Princess Arthur's child will be a great-grandchild of British Sovereigns on both its father's and mother's sides. Prince Arthur is the grandson of Queen Victoria; Princess Arthur is the granddaughter of Edward VII. Yet their infant will not be a "Royal Highness," as that rank is only assigned in this country to the children and grandchildren of a sovereign.

All princesses who marry into foreign reigning families cease to have any position in this country, their rights to the English crown being yielded up on their marriage. Hence the Duke of Connaught's elder daughter, the Crown Princess of Sweden, does not figure in the War Office's list of Royalties at all. Nor does the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who is the only son of Queen Victoria's youngest son, the Duke of Albany, because he abandoned any claims he might have to the British crown when he went over to Coburg. But his mother, as the widow of a British Sovereign's son, figures in the list.

* * *

Lord Lincolnshire and His Marquessate.

Congratulations to Lord Lincolnshire, who has become a grandsire once more, this time to a boy, the child of his Lordship's pretty daughter, Lady Victoria Carrington, who last year became the wife of young Nigel Legge-Bourke, King Edward's former Page-of-Honour. The affair was a love match, and popular at Court, and as Lord Lincolnshire continues to be a great favourite with the Royalties it is by no means impossible that he may get a special remainder for his titles, so that in the event of his only son, Lord Wendover, failing male heirs, the Marquessate of Lincolnshire will not cease to figure. However, this is a Royal favour which would have no support from Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty up in Queen Victoria Street, and thereby hangs a story which, alas, we dare not tell. Garter has had to be the buffer between the monarch and ambitious peers even under King George. How often he occupied this unenviable post under His Majesty's two predecessors it would be unkind to say. Lord Lincolnshire, anyway, has found the world a true bed of roses.

* * *

The Carrington Girls and their Husbands.

His Lordship's son-in-law, Mr. Nigel Legge-Bourke, was already related to his future father-in-law before the marriage took place. He is a nephew of the Earl of Dartmouth, and Lord Dartmouth's heir, the well-known Viscount Lewisham, made one of Lord Lincolnshire's daughters a future Countess of Dartmouth nearly a decade ago. Another of the Marquess's daughters is the wife of Lord Nunburneholme, son of that rich Hull shipowner the late Charles Wilson, to whom a statue as first Lord Nunburneholme has recently been put up for the benefit of posterity, and the glory of the Wilsons—including the family at Tranby Croft! Another of Lord Lincolnshire's daughters, Lady Alexandra Carrington, married a smart subaltern of the "Don't Dancers" (Mr. Palmer), and she is likely to renew acquaintance with the Pragger-Wagger in a new rig-out shortly. Another of the Marquess's daughters, Lady Myee Carrington, also made a good match, her husband being Viscount Bury, a future Earl of Albemarle, and head of one of the families of courtiers, the Keppels, whom even the powerful Abercorn clique could not oust. The Keppels are more popular with King George even than they were under Edward Rex, and so long as Queen Alexandra lives, no appeal of a Keppel will go unhonoured. Her Majesty always retains the tenderest memories of dear old Sir Harry Keppel, the Father of the Navy, who lived to be a hundred, and was photographed with Her Majesty on his ninetieth birthday.

* * *

The Maiden Princess.

I am sorry to hear about the illness of Princess Victoria. Not many people know why she has never married, and we shall not say here, but the reasons are pathetic. However, it is not because she is shallow-hearted or difficult to please. Her Royal Highness ought really to reside permanently at the sea-side, and Brighton always suits her admirably. I hear that she is shortly going for a sea-trip to Norway, where she will stay with her sister, the Norwegian Queen, while her mother goes in August to Hvidoere with the Russian Dowager, for the season there. Princess Victoria is now forty-six years old, so that there is no expectation that she will ever marry now. She is the constant companion of her august mother, and the resemblance between the two Royal ladies is curiously marked, Princess Victoria also being the one child of King Edward who bears a strong resemblance to her father also.

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The "Rabble" at Society Balls.

Sir Philip Burne-Jones says the guests at big balls at the Ritz are "a rabble"—a statement very uncalled for and most uncomplimentary to hostesses and those they invite. Most of the men guests, says the famous Royal Academician's son, are unknown to the hostess even by sight, but though this may be true enough with regard to big political receptions, such a statement must be qualified when applied to the ordinary London ball. Hostesses are

not so fond of entertaining men they do not know; giving them the best of suppers, and supplying them with what they like to drink, unless they are "big fish," and these are in a minority.

If guests at a big ball are a rabble as Sir Philip asserts, he should have thought such gatherings would appeal to him, remembering his famous "freak party" in Egerton Terrace three years ago, when Sir Richard and Lady Muriel Paget assisted him to entertain. It was referred to as a great success of a season unusually full of madcap revelry, but strangely enough nobody has seemed desirous of emulating the "success." Frankly the party was a "rabble," but at the same time the guests enjoyed themselves hugely (also the supper was one of Gunter's best, and a sumptuous affair consisting of every imaginable delicacy); still nobody has dared to repeat the experiment.

* * *

A Critic Criticised.

While the fit was on people entered into the spirit of the thing. Baronet's "small and early jolly"; it was novel to draw a glass of Pilsener from a beer engine, to sing hearty choruses to comic songs, to take supper on the stairs, or floor, if a chair could not be procured (all the tables had been removed), to appear in weird fancy dress which would not be tolerated elsewhere, to smoke churchwardens, and wind up a boisterous evening with a paper fight; but it was Bohemianism of too vulgar a kind "to catch on."

We should have thought that Sir Philip had had quite enough of rushing into criticism. He wrote some years ago a very frank book on America and Americans, which he called "Dollars and Democracy," but he got rather more than he bargained for from the United States press. One paper hit very hard. "When this country is visited by a man who cannot paint, the duty of those who judge is to declare that he cannot paint," which in view of the fact that the baronet is a painter, but without his father's reputation, was very severe. Sir Philip Burne-Jones is a cousin of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who, in his hatred of certain distinguished Liberals, has allowed his zeal to outrun his discretion, also good taste.

* * *

Queen Emma in England.

This is the season when the foreign relations begin to arrive! The first of them is Emma of the Netherlands, mother of the young Queen who came pretty near a tragic termination in a runaway carriage but a few hours after her mother had left for England. Queen Emma is very unlike the Dutch people, to whom she has been such a godsend. A member of the Waldeck-Pyrmont family, and a sister of the Duchess of Albany, she was the bride of old King William's old age, and she was absolutely Holland's last hope of preserving its independence of Germany. Luckily for the Dutch folk, young Emma Waldeck-Pyrmont "turned up trumps," and when little Wilhelmina was born there wasn't a woman in the world so completely worshipped and adored as the old Royal roué of Holland's young Queen! And a fond and tender mother Emma of Waldeck has proved during the thirty-odd years of Queen Wilhelmina's life, and though she has not always been on the best of terms with her son-in-law, Prince Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, there is no necessity to say whose fault *that* was!

* *

Queen Mary Looking After her two Brothers.

As already portended in these columns, Queen Mary has found "something good" for her two handsome brothers, and while Alexander of Teck goes off for four years' fun in Canada, his elder brother drops in for the snug billet of Governor of Windsor Castle, which the late Duke of Argyll has necessarily vacated. The Queen's brother gets thereby a goodly increase of income—and he can do with it, albeit his wife is a Grosvenor—and a charming residence within the Castle precincts. (What, we wonder, would poor Prince Francis Teck have got, had he lived?) However, no one can deny that the Tecks are a very fine family. They can boast a set of progenitors who have every reason to expect this country's gratitude. Their mother was a woman of sterling parts, as well as being the heaviest member of the Royal family. She was Princess Mary of Cambridge, and her only brother was that grand old Duke (Cambridge), who was for forty years an arbitrary Commander-in-Chief of the British Army—a job from which he might never have been ousted had not Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman been born. No other statesman ever dared to attempt the ousting of the Royal Duke.

* * *

When Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman Ousted the Royal Duke.

However, the Duke's father, the first Duke of Cambridge, was one of King George III.'s sons, and undoubtedly the "best of the bunch." As most of his brothers were utter blackguards, it is a very good thing for this country that the Cambridge lot has survived to this. King George and Queen Mary have one very curious blood relationship in common. They both descend from King George III. through Princesses—the King through Queen Victoria (and her son Edward), and the Queen from Princess Mary of Cambridge. As these two ladies were the most powerful and worthy women the Hanoverians ever begot, it may with truth be said that the Sovereigns and their children of to-day represent absolutely the finest strains of blood in the Royal lineage of Britain. In remembrance of which we can forgive our King and Queen a lot—even Queen Mary's hats!

* * *

The Record in Political Pensions Held by a Woman!

That energetic politician, Mr. King, has at last compelled the Government to issue a list of all the political pensions paid in recent years. Lord Cross, who died full of years and honour a few months ago, received no less than £42,000 during his retirement from the position of

DESPERATION.

Ethel: "Did you hear that Jack March has become engaged to Kitty?"
May: "No, but I'm not surprised."
Ethel: "Why, I thought he had been paying a great deal of attention to you."
May: "Yes, he proposed to me and I refused him. He said he would blow his brains out, but I suppose he has got rid of them some other way."

Niece: "Where are you going, Uncle?"
Uncle: "To speak at the Institute, my dear. I am going to try and save the young men of Great Britain."
Niece: "Save a nice one for me, Uncle."

a Cabinet Minister, and Lord George Hamilton has so far got £26,000. But Mr. King has failed to get the whole story of political pensions. And it may perhaps surprise him to know that the record in this respect is held by a woman.

This lady is the Dowager-Countess of Mayo, the widow of that Earl of Mayo who, when Viceroy of India, was struck down by Shere Ali in the Andamans forty years ago. The "compensation" and pensions already paid to Lady Mayo and her children on account of that tragic event have up to now exceeded £80,000, and Lady Mayo seems likely to create a record as a political pensioner, for her Ladyship still goes about a good deal, and at the Boy Scouts' Fund exhibition at Soho Square last week she looked as bright as a new pin, in spite of her four score years.

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The House of Commons has been discussing the question "Should a man earn £10,000 a year"? The irony of men, some of whom do not even earn the £400 the nation gives them, daring to express their opinions on the matter.

* * *

Asking For It.

It may be very laudable of Earl Grey to go a-roaming round the Empire in search of oil, which is said to be the object of his trip to California, and we are not surprised to hear that in spite of his doctor's orders when ill in Canada, his Lordship refused to remain in his hotel, and went out into the chilly blast. This is what might be called "Asking for it"! Lord G... may be attracted to Canada by ... unlucky fascination for him, but disc... tion in this case would have been th... better part of valour. As Governo... General he nearly got lost in the fores... and actually gave himself up for dea... and laid down to die upon the spreading roots of a forest tree. It was a real A... of Providence that led some of th... searchers to the spot where he lay.

* * *

Lord Grey's Painful Memories o... Canada.

Later on he got an eye nearly gouge... out by an exploding lamp, and when h... smart young daughter accepted his Lord... ship's invitation "out West" it prove... to be her death-warrant. Lady Victor... Grenfell had made a love-match wit... Captain Grenfell, and was under thirty... at the time of her death in Ottawa, an... as Lord Grey had already lost one oth... of his four daughters, his impressions o... Canada must be of rather a painful char... acter. We hope nothing untoward will follow his Lordship's present visit to the benighted land, but, as we have said, it does seem like "asking for it."

* * *

'Just What we Expected."

"Keep this in mind, gentle reader, and see how long Willie takes to learn the lesson we are here offering him!" That was our hint to readers of *Modern Life* (re the departure of Prince William of Wied for Albania) in our issue of February 28th. Prince William had got as far as Rome, and our lesson to him was as follows: "The new King will want a lot of 'blessing' to make good in Albania. The fate of Alexander of Battenberg in Bulgaria; of Otho of Bavaria in Greece; and of Milan Obrenovitch in Belgrade, is much more likely to be his portion. Probably the poor fellow cannot help himself, however. He is the nominee of his aunt, the powerful Queen of Roumania, 'Carmen Sylva,' who is herself a Princess of the House of Wied. In deference to this charming lady's desire for a great future for her tall and handsome nephew, the Powers seem willing to let Willie of Wied go to inevitable destruction. Willie obviously doesn't know the job he is taking on. The Moslems alone in Albania will see to it that he never 'reigns'!"

* * *

The Flight of the Wieds from Durazzo.

Even *Modern Life* did not think that less than three months would suffice for the whole painful truth to be brought home to William of Wied. He is a purely German prince, with no actual knowledge of the Albanians, and no acquaintance with the Mahommedan character. But he seems to have learned a lot from Essad Pasha already, and Dr. Dillon, of the *Telegraph*, who watched the flight of the Wied family from Durazzo, writes: "At ten minutes to five the brief nominal reign of William the First of Albania was over!"

Dr. Dillon is rather severe on the Prince's conduct. He says: "The Albanians with whom I stood watching the memorable scene gave utterance to sharp comments on the departure of the Sovereign, and some shed tears. It would be out of place to reproduce these strictures here, but the consensus of opinion was that the King himself might have remained in the city, while sending his wife and children to the war-ships!"

* * *

"Thank God Alexander Battenberg Refused the Job!"

The irony of all this may be summed up in the words of a famous general to me in the Cavalry Club on Saturday night, as the news came over the tape: "Thank God Alexander Battenberg refused the job!" As I stated in *Modern Life* some months ago, the "dark horse" for the

THE FLAPPER'S DEBUT.

Albanian crown was Princess Henry of Battenberg's son Alexander, but the Battenbergs wouldn't hear of it for one moment. There was not even a Royal parley on the subject. Sir Edward Grey was dead against any English prince taking the Albanian Crown. Nor would this country give its support to anybody. The only candidate who seriously sought English assistance was the Duke of Orleans's brother, the Duc de Montpensier, who actually came over for twenty-four hours, and got an interview with Sir Edward Grey. I know this is so, for Sir Edward himself told me he had been with the French Duc less than half an hour after the interview. I did not require to be informed what Sir Edward's answer was to Montpensier! Again, I say, no German prince who has never lived in a Mahommedan country can win in Albania. At the moment, the "contents bills" of all the papers announce "Abdication of the King of Albania." Time will prove what I say to be right!

* * *

The King and the Derby: "Modern Life" Right Again!

In *Modern Life* for May 23rd it was definitely stated: "There is no probability of the King winning the 1914 Derby." This was stated, too, *after* the prime favourite, The Tetrarch, had been scratched. Yet, in spite of this clear intimation, the King's horse, Brakespear, had a tremendous following, though its chances were *nil*, as we plainly indicated. The *Telegraph*, on the morning of the Derby, said: "His Majesty's horse, Brakespear, will certainly be supported by the public *en masse*. . . . A scene of great rejoicing will be enacted in the event of the Royal colours being successful." The *Daily Mail* said: "Certainly Brakespear has a sporting chance. He is almost the equal of Kennymore." The *Chronicle*: "Brakespear has almost equal claim to consideration with Kennymore." The *Sportsman*: "His Majesty's champion has only to reproduce his form across the flat to be head and tails with the favourite." *Morning Post*: "Brakespear should hold a much better chance of success than is suggested by the odds at which he is now quoted." The *Standard*: "It is thought in many quarters that the King's horse will win to-day." And so on, throughout the Press of London. *Modern Life* was the only paper that knew the King's horse had no chance of winning the Derby whatever.

* * *

A Hot-Tempered Baronet.

Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, who was recently "had up" for losing his temper, is an extraordinarily interesting and virile personality. His many activities have included much big-game shooting, hunting, racing, duelling, and service as a war correspondent. Though a peppery veteran when he "gets going," Sir Claude can also be very charming. For example, I well remember his calling on me after I had written a magazine article about the Confederate cruiser "Alabama," to say that I might care to know that he (Sir Claude) was connected by marriage with the Mr. Lancaster whose yacht, the "Deerhound," picked up the survivors of the corsair after her death-deal in Cherbourg harbour. I did "care to know," and the sequel was a second article embellished with a delightful drawing of the rescue.

* * *

There are rumours of a likely engagement between the elder son of a Duke and the youngest daughter of a very much talked about Duchess. People say the match would not be entirely agreeable to the young man's parents, who are rather strait-laced and have no sympathy whatever with "smart" society. For one thing, the young man is only just of age, and another objection would be that the lady of their son's choice is a rather dashing go-ahead beauty. The couple apparently find a good deal of pleasure in each other's society, and may often be seen together.

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS

THE GRAND OLD FOOZLER AND PARNELL.

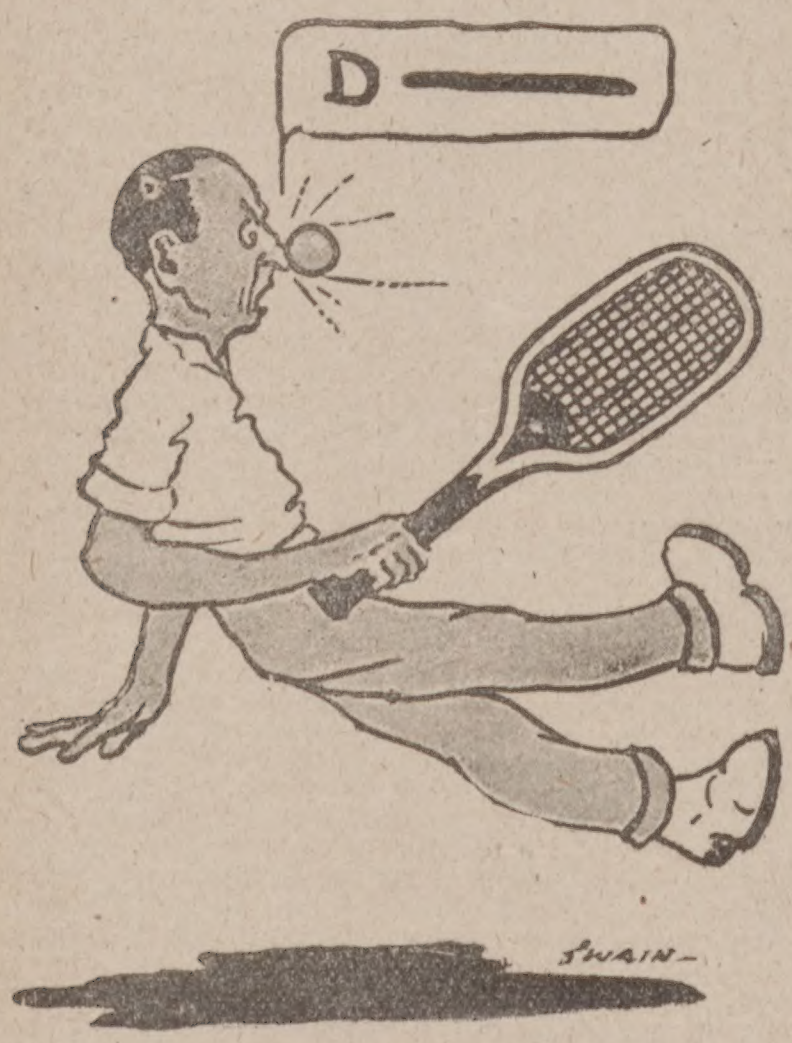
The publication of Mrs. Parnell's (Kitty O'Shea) revelations regarding her liaison with the great Irish leader has aroused such interest during the past week as is seldom given even to the most absorbing books. In addition to the wonderful insight the book gives us into the extraordinary character of Parnell, there is a touch of unusual spice in the work in that Mrs. Parnell, the writer of it, is still alive, and may, I believe, still be seen by the gaping crowd driving in the streets of Brighton. Not often in history has a woman who loved with an all-enduring love had the opportunity of seeing the very intimate and "ducky darling" letters of her lover flaunted before the world, and flaunted, strange to say, by herself. Not often has a woman, capable of the great passion for a great man, taken the opportunity before she died to "give away" her lover in the way in which Mrs. Parnell has given away the stern, reserved and resolute man who will most assuredly be writhing in agony in the spirit world (if there is one), when the spirit of Mr. W. T. Stead (with all his journalistic energies unimpaired) takes Parnell into a corner of the spirit smoking room and tells him all about the phenomenal sale of the London papers containing the slippery deceits and sloppy letters of one of the most remarkable intrigues of any time.

The publication of this book should surely once and for all put an end to the hypocritical pretence that is one of the convictions of English political life—the pretence that all our Cabinet Ministers and Opposition leaders and political big-wigs are saints in disguise who couldn't tell a lie if they were to try, let alone live with a woman to whom they were not joined by the irksome chains of matrimony. It is not Parnell that is to blame, nor Kitty O'Shea either, for the sordid tale of intrigue and lies and schoolboy and schoolgirl deception that we have all been reading of during the past week. Parnell, like Gambetta and Boulanger and all the other great ones who have, quite rightly, dared much for the woman they loved, was, after all, but a human being. Which means, put in another way, that he was at bottom a selfish animal who thought a jolly sight more of his own love and happiness and personal concerns than he did about even Ireland. More than once in this book he says, in so many words, that in the last resort Ireland and all else would have to go to the devil if it became a question of his love for Kitty O'Shea being interfered with. All of which is quite right, and one loves to see that sort of spirit—the spirit that can defy every convention of society for a woman or anything else, if it is necessary to do so in order to live one's own life in the way in which Nature intended it to be lived. It is society, with all its ridiculous rules and monstrous hypocrisies that is responsible for the objectionable parts of Parnell's intrigue—the deception and lying and trivial little schoolboy games, etc.—and not, in the essence of the thing, Parnell and the woman who gave to him such a wonderful devotion. In a properly organised society it would not matter twopence to the public (with whom indeed it would have nothing to do) whether a statesman was married to the woman with whom he was living or not, so long as he adequately performed his House of Commons duties. It is so in France, and why should it not be so with us? Simply and solely because the awful Puritanism and hypocrisy of England likes to pretend before the world that it is quite an exceptional, and almost impossible, thing for an English statesman to be anything, in "moral" matters, but a double-dyed replica of the Angel Gabriel.

Yet what is the truth in these matters? The truth is that as political leaders, and all other public men, happen to be human beings as well as expert vote-catchers, they are compelled to act like schoolboys and do "on the sly" the things that public opinion won't allow them to do openly, and things, remember, which, like Parnell, no power on earth or in heaven can stop them from doing until that mournful and inglorious day comes along when we shall put a penny in the slot and produce the procreation of the human race by mechanical means.

All this hypocrisy and cant in matters of sex, reader, makes me perfectly sick, if you will excuse a rather unpoetical expression. Look at the way in which Gladstone ruined Parnell in the most horribly hypocritical way, when all the time he had known for years that Mrs. O'Shea and Parnell were living together *sub rosa*. Look at the way in which the Grand Old Foozler denounced the great Irish leader to placate the Puritans of England and retain their voting power. Look at the way in which this Grand Old Foozler wrecked the life of Sir Charles Dilke, a giant among intellectual Englishmen and made by Nature to be one of England's coolest and greatest Prime Ministers, just because he did what it is not a million to one that Gladstone himself was not doing at the same time, and what, with his terribly passionate nature he most certainly would have done, on the quiet, had he not been blessed with an angel among women for a wife. Look at the way in which the late Duke of Devonshire, when Lord Hartington and the great Liberal leader, "arranged" his love affairs to the full knowledge of all London, including Gladstone and all his Cabinet—but not to the knowledge of the public press and the Puritans. Yet presumably Gladstone would have had to denounce Lord Hartington too, if the thing had come before the public eye. The whole inconsistency and hypocrisy of this sex question, when applied to politics, is I am sure you will agree with me, perfectly and sanctimoniously sickening. I do not know much about the members of the present Cabinet and the Bonar Law brigade on the Opposition benches. But it is about a thousand to one (that is if they are human beings), that some of them are living in essence just as Parnell and Dilke and Hartington and all the others lived. They naturally get sick of their own wives, and small blame to them. How on earth is a man to live with the average woman for ten, twenty, or forty (oh, horror!) years without getting sick of her. And how on earth is the average woman to live with even a political genius for similar periods without getting equally sick of him? Of course, I know my views are a bit unconventional in these matters, but I must say that to me it appears rather disgusting for a man and a woman to live together for forty years, or even for forty months—whether they are married or not—I don't care twopence about that—unless they can manage by some miracle to keep up to the standard of continuous romance to which poor plain mortals like myself can never attain. I therefore think that when Captain O'Shea and his Kitty were obviously living a wretched and hypocritical wedded existence—which was practically a separation—Kitty did a very sensible and highly moral thing in falling in love with Parnell, and Parnell did a very sensible and highly moral thing in falling in love with such a fine and devoted woman as Kitty appears to have been, and only made a damned fool of himself when he allowed himself to be found out.

JONATHAN GRUB STREET.



OUR TENNIS NOTE:—
"Janes played with his usual dash."

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHAT.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

How Lady Diana Manners likes playing the rôle of programme seller, and if she won her wager with Miss Dorothy Cunard to get the highest price for a single copy?

* * *

Why the M.P. is wandering about with his arm in a sling and an unsightly piece of sticking-plaster on his left temple, and if a certain lady of the halls could explain how the accident happened?

* * *

If a permanent caravan camp for fashionable folk in quest of an unconventional holiday is to be opened next month at Highgate?

* * *

Mr. Glover's new revue is entitled "What's the Matter?" But isn't this rather inviting criticism?

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The identity of the clever charlatan who has been sending letters to Queen Emma of the Netherlands inviting her to buy one of his "lucky" stones?

* *

If it was not very foolish of the leading actress to use the sample pot of toilette cream without first studying the directions, and if she has not seriously damaged her complexion in consequence?

* *

If Herr Fischer Gunthaw, the famous German professor, really thinks that kissing spoils the shape of a girl's mouth, and if his warning will make the dear things more sparing in future?

* *

If Father Hugh Benson imagines that the very excellent advice which he has been giving to the little stage-struck flapper will have any effect in preventing her from entering the profession?

* *

A select body of Christian Scientists have applied to be put on the panel. Perhaps it would be better if they were put on the shelf—and kept there.

* *

If the new "flying train" will take a rise out of the railway companies?

* *

If Miss Sybil Cuthbert, the actress, can think of no better way of advertising herself than as the "girl who has never been kissed," and if she thinks that the epithet will prove irresistible to those young men who happen to have a taste for pioneer work?

* *

Who is responsible for the artistic floral decorations on the District Railway stations?

* * *

If it isn't an odd coincidence that both the lady and gentleman "star" in a comedy now "going great guns" in the West End have been divorced in real life—the one during the run of the piece, and the other just previously?

* * *

Who is at the back of the Butt syndicate that bought the Globe and Queen's Theatres for £66,000?

* * *

How much has the wealthy stockbroker of Hampstead paid to the West End club secretary to use his influence to ensure his being admitted as a member on this, his third attempt to storm the walls of this very exclusive club?

OUR FASHION NOTE.
Checks will be worn largely this season.

If Mr. and Mrs. John Burns are likely to entertain any more lavishly in their new home than they did in Lavender Gardens?

* * *

Was not the beautiful "Wedding Bells" number in "Hullo! Tango" originally produced by Mr. Sidney Ellison (producer of "The Joy-Ride Lady") in New York four years ago? And was not the production "He Came From Milwaukee," and the theatre The Casino?

* * *

What is the nature of the Suffragette plot that the Home Office so neatly frustrated by their raid on the W.S.P.U. offices? Are not the militant leaders aware that every big plan that is suggested by members gets to the ears of the Home Office, and had they not better get rid of the two high-placed traitors who have been present at their most important and private meetings for the past twelve months? Was not a dangerous bomb-throwing plot for Derby Day revealed by the police investigation following upon the recent raid?

* *

Who is the art dealer who has some dozen watercolours which were painted by Sir Joseph Lyons in his early struggling days when he was trying to fight his way in the ranks of art? Are they not really good little works of their kind, and would not the dealer be paid a hundred fold on his original outlay if he were to offer them to their creator?

* *

Why has Yvonne Arnaud given away her much-paragraphed lemur?

* *

Another illusion shattered! Mrs. Parnell says that the "last words" attributed to her husband were never uttered by him. Well, this only adds one more to the list of "things they didn't say." It is quite unlikely that Pitt, when dying, said "Roll up the map of Europe"; while Nelson, at Trafalgar, is as likely to have said "Brandy and soda, quick"! as "Kiss me, 'Ardy." We know that Wellington, at Waterloo, never said anything so silly as "Up, Guards, and at 'em," the actual words spoken being "The line will advance." And the last words uttered by Sir Henry Irving—"Quick, Shepard, that chair!"—sound a good deal less romantic than the closing utterance of Tennyson's Becket, "Into Thy Hands, O Lord."

* *

Which living British Baronet once hanged a man with his own hands?

* *

If it is true that Mrs. Winston Churchill has forbidden the First Lord to "fly" any more?

* * *

Is it true that Mr. Winston Churchill was heard to quote the other day the Yorkshire Tyke's motto:—

"See all, hear all, say nowt;
Eat all, drink all, pay nowt;
And if tha does owt for nowt,
Do it for thisen."

And is this the burden of his political life?

* * *

Sir Claude de Crespigny was fined £20 at Bungay for assaulting a police-constable. He admitted the offence, but explained that he only struck the constable three times, with his thumbs up in each case. The ancient gladiatorial sign of mercy, we take it. Horrible thought! What might have happened to the poor police official if Sir Claude had turned his thumbs down?

MORE OR LESS.

Attar of Roses.

This is not only a "Nuts and May" number, but, being holiday time, a "Nuts and May" week as well. Not that there is any May left about the month, but wherever there is a nut there is always a May. I trust I shall not be accused of grinding an axe for any railway company when I say that now is essentially the time for holidays. In August the trees will be merely green, but just now from every branch hang coloured banners of mauve and yellow and red and white. To walk abroad is to walk as in a Persian garden full of strong scents and subtle odours. When the sun, like a big late daffodil, flaunts from the sky, to walk with a friend—plural if you will, but personally I prefer my companionship in the singular—through lanes so carpeted with the fallen petals of hawthorn trees that the ground seems strewn with the confetti of carnival, is to rediscover Eden, provided your attendant Adam is all he should be; but at night, when a pale spring moon smiles ghost-like out of a purple cloud, and the whole world smells like an Eastern rose, it is best to walk alone. For attar of roses is apt to go to one's head, taken even in the smallest quantities.

* * *

Quaker Oats.

The time-worn problem of should a man or women tell of his or her indiscretions in the salad days of life, has once again been raised by Mr. Zangwill in his new play. There is nothing new under the sun, of course, but surely there is nothing quite so old as this. And it is such a dull old problem, too. I can't imagine anyone being thrilled by it except those old maids in remote country villages who have never had a chance of loving one man and marrying another. And, anyway, it is scarcely a problem. Any person gifted with the average common sense could give you the answer. No man is ever fool enough to confess to a woman exactly what he has done. Rather he makes of his past wild oats a halo of wheat-ears and wears it triumphantly. No woman—in real life, that is; the heroine in fiction nearly always confesses and drowns herself in any convenient pond, if the Thames isn't handy—afterwards is ever fool enough to confess to a man that she knows even the real meaning of wild oats. To hear her talk one would imagine they were some kind of innocuous Quaker Oats. She adm slyly of an embrace—sometimes. But if she thinks the ma credulity will stand the strain she will vow that he's t first man who has ever kissed her. After all, life was giv us to make the best of, and if we make the worst of o selves we spoil all our good time. Repenting in sackcl and ashes is all very well, but for goodness sake don't us be idiotic enough to repent verbally.

* * *

Drawbridges and Drawbacks.

I went over one of those old country houses the other day You know the kind of house I mean—all oak and draugh and no comfort. Of course Elizabeth and Charles were both supposed to have slept in the big carved bed in the best room. If the Virgin Queen and the Merrie Monarc really slept on all the beds assigned to them in old country houses they must have spent their time getting up and one old four-poster and travelling off in state to get into another. But anyway it was quite a jolly house—to look over, I mean—not to live in. Lots of ivy tap-tapping on the wind against the walls, and a ghost, of course. Not that I saw this spectral being, but it was quite easy to imagine it was somewhere about. Old houses always seem full of sighs and mysterious rustlings behind the wainscoting. Mice? Perhaps. But I prefer to think the sounds that break the stillness are the clip-clap of the high heels of Lady Araballa Something, and the swish of her brocaded skirts as she comes back for a moment to the scene of her former triumphs. It must be very tantalising for her to see a new Lady Arabella standing in the hall, in a short skirt and golfing boots, and to have to creep back to the mice and the shadows while her great-granddaughter reigns in her stead. No wonder old houses are so full of sighs. The sentimental person of our party was awfully interested in a hollow moss-grown kind of arrangement he discovered in the grounds. He was quite sure it must have been a drawbridge once, and that knights in armour had dashed across it. "Perhaps so, old chap," our host assented, drily, "but it's a drain now." Thus does modernity press hard upon the heels of history. The sentimental person turned sadly away. It was hard to imagine knights in shining armour dashing out of a drain!

* * *

A Home-Made Shepherdess.

She came inside my 'bus the other day—a perfect imitation of a china shepherdess. There was the hooped skirt—white with little mauve flowers scattered over it, the short sleeves, low-necked corsage, the flat hat garlanded with posies of violets and roses. All that was missing was the crook. The lamb was there all right, skipping by her side in a top hat. But alas, my shepherdess was home-made. That was where she failed. There was the trail of the machine all over her. My professional eye, used to appraising for more years than I care to count the exact value of frocks, noted at once the weak points in the armour of my shepherdess. The mauve-scattered muslin was cheap, so was the lace that trimmed it; the stockings were cotton, the gloves were silk! Poor little home-made shepherdess, not to know that to be sixpenny-halfpenny china instead of Dresden is to court laughter and not admiration. The fashions of to-day—indeed of all days—are for the few, not for the many. You will never manufacture a smart woman out of a remnant sale. It is the sheerest folly to try and turn oneself into a paper pattern out of a picture paper. Besides, pattern women are always dull.

LOUISE HEILGERS.

A Flapper who has got to the Flying Stage.

Of exhibitions of pictures there are just now in the West End more than enough—more miles than merit, in fact. This criticism, however, does not apply to the charming little exhibition, at the Maddox Street Galleries, of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters. Among the many excellent miniatures special note should be made of the six by the President of the Society, Mr. Alyn Williams; "The Kimono," by Emille King; "Henry Jackson, Esq.," by Cecil W. Quinnell; and the three delicate sculptured gems by Cecil Thomas.

HOW WE LIVE.

MY DEAREST CONNIE—

Things have been such a rush all the week. I seem to have spent most of my time in an aeroplane—a mental one—I simply can't afford Hendon prices. But they are settling down a bit now—and so am I.

The house looks a bit new still, of course, and, until you get used to it, the decorations are a little dazzling. It makes you blink a bit when you hit an orange dot suddenly, or jump into a tomato frieze. Bones says the hall reminds him so much of the Morse Code he believes he'd be sending off a telegram if he lived there long enough—but, of course, one simply has to be Futurist nowadays. "You might as well be dead as dowdy," as dear mother used to say.

We have had several of the newspaper people in already. One of them trod so gently when he got as far as the drawing-room—all black, dearest, with white satin walls; you can't imagine the lovely shadowy effect it gives—that I thought it only kind to tell him there wasn't any corpse about. Bones gave them whisky and soda in the dining-room afterwards. He said he thought they looked as if they needed it.

Bones is my new man, dear. I call him that because he has got such a vast quantity of adipose tissue about him somewhere. He's in the Guards—at least he would be if he had sufficient money. One of the De Vallots, you know; plenty of blue blood, but all the rest mortgaged. Richard—so sensible of him—doesn't object a bit. He's even given the dear boy an order for a suit. Montague's—the Sackville Street people, you know—run Bones as a return for the orders he brings. The poor boy's got to live, and it takes a lot of doing nowadays, I can tell you. Richard is grumbling mightily about the super-tax, but we've all got to put up with something. Look at me! I am sure Richard is my super-tax. But I don't grumble. My complexion won't let me. I've got the duckiest new blue blinds to my room, by the way, the newest shade. The only drawback to them is they get the hours as mixed as an American cocktail.

I don't seem to have gone to bed at all lately. Tuesday I went to Lady A——'s pyjama party, which didn't end till it was frightfully small and awfully late. I wore the loveliest nightie; lace—you know—bits of it at least, and my hair down my back, and Bones's pyjamas were the smartest pair in the room.

Lady A—— was awfully cute in a kind of Empire affair—at least she said it was Empire. I didn't think there was enough of it to count. But some of the women looked frights. They might do all right in a harem, but not sliding down the stairs upon trays, which, between ourselves, my dear, was how we finished up. Well, we must do something to justify our reputation to the suburbs. It's no good being painted red and coming out pale pink.

Wednesday, I wore my new purple frock—a thing of inches, but every one of them good—and played "Chemin de fer," at—I suppose I mustn't say where—anyway, I played it till I was more reduced than the *Times*. Poor Lord H—— dropped a cool thousand, but nobody wasted much pity on him. Sir Charles E——, who held the bank, told me grimly he knew he'd plead the Gaming Act.

Then, in view of the hurried demise of one or two of the night-caps—I mean clubs—Bones and I went to one of the lesser Astoriskers after the Opera (Caruso—not nearly so good as his gramophone record) to see if drinks had gone down—in price, I mean—and the quality gone up. But we found things pretty much as usual. I had a warm ice and a cold interlude with a woman I dislike very much because she copies my frocks and has the cheek to say I copy hers—why, if I were living on a desert island with her I wouldn't choose the same kind of leaf to wear—and came away. Night clubs are deadly anyway—a sort of second edition of the *Era*, with a coloured supplement—in the way of sporting peers. You can't blame the débutantes really for looking like musical comedy girls, if that's the only way they can get a man of their own class to look at them. Jessie, the Duchess of B——'s daughter—you know—is learning to sing out of tune, and say low things in a loud voice, or loud things in a low voice (I forget which), and wears all her diamonds at breakfast, which the Duke objects to very much—he won't let her pass him the butter any more. She tells me it's the only way—and I don't suppose there can be any other way quite so bad as Martin Harvey's!

Lots of love, Your affectionate

MADGE.

TECHNICALITIES.

Fond Parent (meeting daughter returning home for the holidays): "Why, Mabel, you're looking well. And getting quite stout!"
Mabel: "Stout? Nonsense! I only weigh eight stone six stripped for gym"!

Sir J. Forbes-Robertson's farewell performances will soon come to an end, when he will go on the permanent "resting" list. His leisure time, we understand, will be given up to painting and sketching, for he has always had a tendency in this direction, and in his younger days he seriously thought of choosing a career connected with the studio rather than the stage. He should make a great hit with it even now, for he has always been a master of drawing—audiences and salaries.

* * *

Mr. A. P. de Courville, a director of Moss Empires, Ltd., and the guiding factor of the happy destinies of the London Hippodrome, was conversing with the writer on various topics in the foyer of that house yesterday when a slight disturbance attracted his attention to the stalls entrance at the head of the stairs. "Hullo! What's on? What's on?" he enquired testily of the nearest nipper in buttons. "A revue, Sir," replied the youth crisply. De Courville seemed happily reassured to know that anyhow!

* * *

While we were talking Lord Cholmondeley stopped to exchange the latest as to poor Hamel's fate, which was at that time still in doubt. His Lordship is a discriminating and enthusiastic playgoer, and a well-known and welcome figure at most of the best shows. The last time I saw him prior to this was, I believe, in the Alhambra stalls during the run of "Keep Smiling." A very young and extremely pleasing lady who was sharing my box on that occasion saw him first, and wishing to attract his attention asked if she might try the careful placing of a few soft chocolates to this end. Permission withheld!

* * *

Is it a fact that his colleagues of the Government now regard Mr. Masterman as their "Jonah"? And are they likely on this account to fight shy of fighting for him when the threatened Dissolution comes along?

BY THE WAY.

Sir George Alexander's receipt of a play on a Sunday and acceptance of it on a Monday by no means constitutes a "record." (As a matter of fact, Sir George receives about 500 plays a year, most of them "muck.") Sir Herbert Tree's acceptance of Haddon Chambers' "Captain Swift" in 1888 was fairly quick work, though Chambers bitterly denies the story that he chased Tree into a Turkish Bath in order to make him listen to the play. I wonder! And who was the club member who invariably quitted the smoking room as soon as the dramatist entered it, the point being that he had in the first place rather brusquely refused to finance the venture, and had been "kicking himself" ever since?

* * *

"The long arm of coincidence" has become such a stock phrase with the average writer for the press, that it may surprise you to learn that it is only about a quarter of a century old. The expression was, as a fact, coined by Mr. Haddon Chambers in his drama, "Captain Swift," produced at the Haymarket in 1888, and you will find that author credited with it in a book of "familiar quotations." The actual line spoken by Sir (then Mr.) H. Beerbohm Tree was, "The long arm of coincidence has reached after me"—and Tree, having very long arms, used to emphasise the remark with a sweeping movement of the right arm.

* * *

The Mr. Comyns Carr who figured as one of the multitudinous counsel in the Canteen Case, is the second of Mr. "Joe" Carr's two sons, the elder one, "Phil" Carr, having sometimes dabbled in theatrical enterprise. "Joe" Comyns Carr, who became managing director of the old Lyceum when it was capitalised in Henry Irving's time, a well-known figure in London life. He was the friend of Dante Rossetti, William Morris, and the rest of the Raphaelite Brotherhood. Mr. Carr is a notable raconteur and after-dinner orator. Once at the Garrick Club an individual who didn't know who he was rashly endeavoured to "take a rise" out of him. But the poor man withered when Carr referred to him as "a pantaloon without his maturity and a clown without his colour."

* * *

Is there any truth, we wonder, in the rumour that Devonport is keeping warm for the Right Hon. John Burns the post of Chairman of the Port of London Authority? Before very long there will be a General Election, and if should so happen that Mr. Burns' party is not in a position to give him office again (with a handsome emolument he will step, it is asserted, into Lord Devonport's position. The enterprising head of the big wholesale firm of tea provision merchants, which runs the International Stores declined the salary attaching to the post of Chairman of the Port of London Authority; but even if the Member for Battersea should follow Lord Devonport, he would not, is supposed, do so in this respect.

* * *

According to the papers, the defeat of Mr. Masterman at Ipswich "led to a night of mafficking." Which reminds us that the origin of this peculiar word represents one of the most remarkable transformations of historical facts on record. In other words, the siege of Mafeking was a sort of spoof siege. Mafeking was never in anything like the desperate state that Ladysmith and Paris (Franco-German war) were. We have known many men who were "besieged" at Mafeking, and they have repeatedly told us that they were nowhere near starving. The truth is that Baden-Powell, always a very theatrical and self-advertising man, boomed Mafeking as a siege town for all it was worth, and with such great success that when the little place was relieved the British public went crazy, and Baden-Powell succeeded in adding a new word to the English language. Everybody in South Africa laughs at the idea of the Siege of Mafeking being anything to write home about, let alone to write history about. But the town is in such an out of the way place, some thousand miles from nowhere, that the troops there were ungetatable and got a fictitious reputation for gallantly starving.

* * *

A well-known gossiping journalist writes in his paper: "I have often wondered why professional singers, pianists and violinists all rush to give concerts at this time of year." We can tell him in once. Because they are after the dibs, and very sensibly choose for their concerts the period of the year when people who are blessed with dibs flock to London. It's quite easy to solve these deep problems if you only think hard enough.

* * *

A very observant reporter noticed a girl in the Park the other day "dusting her right shoe on her left calf, and then dusting her left shoe on her right calf," and the reporter appears to be very shocked about it. But it's only one of the little tricks of girls in their calf-love days.

* * *

We take off our hat to the Rev. E. W. Lewis, the parson of a West-End church, who has resigned his nice fat salary because he thinks it inconsistent to be "a man of God and a comparatively high-salaried, comfortably-conditioned official in organised religion" at one and the same time. You may now expect any day to hear of this splendid example of genuine self-sacrifice in the cause of humanity followed by the Archbishop of Canterbury giving up his £10,000 a year, and all the poor Bishops resigning and going about with holes in their boots and actually no motor-cars. We don't think.

* * *

The goody-goodies who never miss a chance of nibbling at anything in the way of sweeping criticism may be reminded that in South Africa

The Girl (after hearing Smith and Robinson brag about their "yacht"—seen above—for half-an-hour): "Did you ever think of trying for the America Cup?"
Smith: "Yes, but Tommy Lipton asked us to stand aside in his favour."
The Girl: "How generous! And Mr. Robinson is actually going as a mascot! I saw his photo. in the papers."

the Colonies where sweeps have in national events, they never did harm but rather good to those who horse-racing. Where sweeps an will have his bit on a genuine verybody has an absolutely equal long as the sweep is on the square; are all sorts of "tricks of the negotiated before a student of racing int where he can find winners by It was the few wrong Tuns that in South Africa, but if a few going to kill things on the Con- too, we shall soon have every the way of business and pleasure The whole agitation against practical, simply an agitation in against the poor and the the rest can indulge in sweeps contents at their clubs, but of must get a bit of excitement

* * *

Sarah Bernhardt's recent remark that she she must at one time have been a man another planet reminds us of the story of her rel in London some ten years ago with the Parnassatory poet-dramatist, Catulle Mendes. some unexplained reason he had withdrawn which his friend the great actress was to produce. Now Mendes was essentially Frenchman, and so he glorified the episode with exaggerated and sentimental speeches in the style. "I shall put my poor drama into drawer," he pathetically remarked. "The will be a little coffin, where I shall some- place a few flowers. They will be red roses, express my admiration of Sarah, and violets, to my regrets at her capriciousness." And great Sarah was not a bit less emotional in comments. "It was in a terrible crisis of despair and said, "that I drowned my illusions, my hopes, ion, and my friendship for this man. I have this crisis broken in body, the brain safe and sound will. Never again in my ee Catulle Mendes." But after a bit they were again. Dear old Sarah!

* * *

have had another Christian Science case prominent the newspapers. This "sect" seems to gather into its old all sorts and conditions and classes of people, some of whom one would hardly expect, somehow, to find there. For instance, one of its most devoted adherents was Lord Fincastle, the hero of one of the most gallant and successful attempts to win the V.C. ever made. Lord Fincastle once achieved a little notoriety by hitting Princess Victoria of Holstein in the eye with a tennis-ball and causing temporary injury. Yet he stood mute by the injured lady without saying a word of apology pathy, strongly and honestly believing in the Science theory that pain cannot be felt if you ine that it is not there. Lord Fincastle was the men, and perhaps the courage of conviction that in standing dumb in the presence of Royalties ing the accident, was almost worthy of a second atever one may think of his Christian Science

* * *

amusing, but scarcely typical, little story of uder comes all the way from Melbourne, where ian was playing to packed houses at the , when the last mail left. Late one evening ockies," potato diggers from a place with ame of Kooweerup, were run in—D. and D., morning all were discharged with a caution nt ringleader. Questioned by the magis- the way, with the typically British this worthy remarked: "Oh, I was diggers. We had to come down Magistrate: "Why 'had to come'"? Well, lor' lumme, you don't expect a man to d altogether? We would just as soon be But there was no necessity to get drunk, was Well, we were just testing how far we could go y 'It's a braw bricht moonlicht nicht,' and we limit."—Fined 20s. or seven days. Now you ur breath. Harry Lauder heard of the

The Maid: "What a pity it's raining?"
The Ass: "Yaas! Awf'ly good thing we're in here out of the wet, isn't it?"

episode, paid the man's fine, supplied money enough for the spud digger to complete his holiday fittingly, and bestowed upon him a front seat for the show to enable him to pursue his studies of the Scottish dialect. To all of which we can only say that this is Harry Lauder at the Antipodes—also that the comedian has evidently got a clever press agent, as the newspaper account of the episode sent by an Australian reader runs to a full half-column of space.

* * *

An interesting matrimonial case is shortly coming before the Divorce Court. The respondent is a well-known singer, whose husband cites four co-respondents. One of these has not apparently benefited by his association with diplomacy. The father of the lady was, by the way, a South Kensington tinker, though not a great many people are aware of the fact.

* * *

The *Evening News* offered free invitations to its readers last week to witness the new play "Break the Walls Down," but the coupon for application, as printed in that paper, read: "Please send me two tickets for . . Breaking the Walls Down at the Savoy Theatre." Sounds like an invitation to the Suffragettes.

* * *

Potted Elijah, or a schoolboy's biography of a holy man: "There was a man named Elijah. He had some bears, and lived in a cave. Some boys worritted him. So he said: 'If you keep on throwing stones and worriting me I'll turn the bears on you and they'll eat you up.' And they did and he did and the bears did."

* * *

H. H. Champion is either back or on his way back from the Antipodes, after long years of absence. He it was who, nearly thirty years ago, stood in the dock at the Old Bailey along with John Burns, H. M. Hyndman, and "Jack" Williams, charged with seditious conspiracy—and later on he provided most of the brains that carried the London Dock Strike of '89 to a triumphant issue. It is said of the Old Bailey trial that when John Burns, in his long harangue to the Judge, spoke of "Mr. Hyndman, the middle-class man, and Mr. Champion, the aristocrat," Hyndman nearly fainted from chagrin. As a fact, Henry Hyde Champion, a son of the late Major-General Champion, is descended from the Clarendon family and from the Urquharts of Meldrum. He started life as a subaltern in the R.A.

TABLOID TOPICS.

"'Bus Ticket Boxes" is a *Star* headline. Evidently a ticket of striking design.

* * *

"Snatched from Death in three parts" is announced at a picture palace. It looks a shade cruel, doesn't it?

* * *

Says Mr. Cecil Chapman: "Better kill a man than destroy his will." But the villain of melodrama frequently does both.

* * *

There is a hitch over the settlement of the strike of workers at Messrs. E. and T. Pink's factory. A jam at the Pinks' City, in fact.

* * *

The Lord Chamberlain has refused to license a farce named "The Little Lamb." We suppose the sauce served with it was too piquant.

* * *

Lord Lansdowne is great on labourers' rights. He is endeavouring to fine how they should hit out with them so that they don't got left.

* * *

According to an American religious paper, somnolence in church is due to the sober colour scheme of most sacred edifices. This ought to console the preachers, anyhow.

* * *

According to information received, Mr. Lloyd George, while speaking at Ipswich, got his rag out and his collar burst in sympathy. Again the "neck-or-nothing" policy.

* * *

A Malaga clerk, devoted to parrots, has sold his fiancée to his rival for two of his favourite birds. But it's still a toss-up as to which of the men will get the most chatter.

* * *

"Marked Flies' Mile Flight (continued from Page 2)" was an *Evening News* "stop press." Well, if net sales will not stop this kind of circulation, the *News* must try a net purchase.

* * *

Sir T. Lipton's mascot for the "Shamrock IV." is a little monkey which has been christened "Jim Lipton." Sir Thomas should win that cup easily now he has got his monkey up.

* * *

We read that "thirty-three years of New York weather is crumbling Cleopatra's Needle, although it stood two thousand years in Egypt." In other words, Cleopatra has got the needle in Yankeeland.

* * *

A member of the Hungarian Parliament has been sent to prison for throwing inkpots at the Premier. We present this novel idea to the Conservative Die-hards, as likely to be effective for blackening Mr. Asquith.

* * *

Miss Howse: How many men look down on their colleagues because they do not go to business in a white collar and silk tie!"

Don't know; but many would if they wore nothing else.

* * *

"A motor-'bus . . . mounted the pavement and crashed into the top window of a sop front," says the *Manchester Guardian*. The 'bus's good luck in finding something soft held good even in the newspaper's composing room.

* * *

A scenic representation of the happenings in the Garden of Eden, entitled "Creation," is to be a feature of the Panama Exhibition. Now we understand why the Nonconformist conscience won't allow Mr. Asquith to subscribe to the show.

* * *

"What can a woman do against a burly ruffian who, without any ceremony, proceeds to prise the jewels from her like carbuncles from a fishing smack?" asks a daily. We don't know, but we'll find out, even if we have to see Mr. Lloyd George about it.

* * *

Christopher Stanley Long, an ex-undergraduate of Cambridge, admits to having posed as a Baptist, an Anglican, a Roman Catholic, a Presbyterian, and a few other "studies" in quick-change artistry. He was everything by turns, but Long at each all the time.

Mr. "Wu"-sevelt.—"I am still worth several dead Optimist!

* * *

"£150 for the Manchester Cup," proclaims a *John* placard. And cheap at the price!

* * *

The expressive title of Alblasserdammerlantaarnopsteke vergaderinglokaal has been conferred on the new workers' assembly hall opened by the Mayor of Ablasser in Holland. The English translation, "House Commons" seems much simpler.

* * *

"On completing 1,000 consecutive sea dips Mr. H. Bull has been presented with a gold medal by the stone All-the-Year-Round Bathing Club," says the *News*. We have passed this paragraph on to your young who intends to beat this record at Margate on Holiday.

* * *

Daily Mirror.—Hezlet won the 14th easily, and 15th played a long iron drive which would have Jerome Travers' mouth water. It was

(Continued on page 14.)

It would have even made our mouth water if it was as all that.

WIT AND WISDOM.

The fellow who makes a fool of himself is seldo fied until he has worked overtime at his job.

* * *

All a man has to do in order to get a reputation eccentricity is to mind his own business.

* * *

An expert is a fellow who knows a great deal about in which we are not in the least interested.

* * *

A girl is not necessarily timid because she jumps proposal.

* * *

It is said that great talkers are not so liable to insan as silent people. Naturally enough, those who have listen are the ones who go crazy.

* * *

There are two things which a man is bound to take on faith—his wife's private opinion of him and what sausages are made of.

* * *

One of the most annoying things in the world is to be prepared for an emergency that does not keep its appoint ment.

* * *

Some men are so wise that it seems as though they must have been born at a much earlier age than the rest of us.

* * *

Tell a woman she has a beautiful nose, and she will cross-eyed from constantly looking at it.

* * *

Where one man throws his whole soul into his work another man is satisfied to put his foot in it.

* * *

Time may be money, but it hangs much more heavily on our hands.

* * *

The spectacle of a man with a future marrying a woman with a past is ever present.

* * *

The weaker a man is the stronger his habits grow on him.

* * *

Where there's a bill, there's to pay.

A BIG DIFFERENCE.

A learned bishop was once taken to task by some of his denominational brethren on the charge of exhibiting conceit of himself at variance with the spirit of humility.

"It is not conceit," replied the bishop, with that air of bearing that silenced opposition. "It is not conceit, brethren. It is consciousness of superiority."

The Nut. "Dash it! The bally water isn't hot enough for me to have a cold bath."

IN STAGELAND.

Mr. Philip Michael Faraday is no slouch. "The Little Lamb" was produced at the Apollo last Wednesday, but up to the end of the previous week the Censor's attitude was doubtful. "P.M." decided that the situation was becoming critical, so sent an emissary in the shape of one of his principal lieutenants, to wait upon the Lord Chamberlain in person *at the levée*. He must have been found in exceedingly good humour, for he motored round immediately he left Buckingham Palace, and "The Little Lamb's" sponsors were left in the happy understanding that all was well, as His Lordship intimated that rehearsals might proceed. Rather a new departure for so staid and autocratic a department, is it not? And a very good sign.

* * *

The remarkably strong revival of interest in "Hullo! Tango," at the London Hippodrome, now that its second edition is established, is probably due in large measure to Frank Tinney, who is refined humour personified. Miss Shirley Kellogg's "Wedding Bells" number is certainly one of the finest examples of brilliant revue production yet seen in London, and provides in itself the very best possible answer to the rather spiteful sneer worked off against Mr. De Courville in Mr. Butt's "Passing Show" at the Palace. This latter show and "Hullo! Tango" are so firm in their confident strength that many weeks must pass before we tire of either of them.

* * *

Miss Kellogg was not playing the afternoon I looked in on Frank Tinney. Miss Violet Lorraine instead was being taught how to kiss by Billy Merson, and, in spite of the fact that she had Billy properly rattled once and apologised audibly, put up an excellent show. Nevertheless it was pleasingly generous of Billy to "reckon" (in his Yankee character guise) "that for one rehearsal she's just bully!"

* * *

One regrets having to feel that of all that very pleasing and hard-working cast Miss Ethel Levey alone does not appear to take herself or her audiences seriously at all. She gives one the impression that she is so busy amusing herself at *our* expense that she certainly would not disturb herself much to amuse us. When she first came to England she was a great artist.

* * *

In spite of a most unusual amount of "editorial support" from the *Evening News* I am told that "Break the Walls Down" at the Savoy is terminating its tenure at that theatre. This play was rather severely handled by the critics, whose chief complaint was the incessant telephone "business." When in doubt telephone seems the motif-in-chief, apart from a certain mild tendency to feminist propaganda. Other than this the most notable feature is Mr. Clive Currie's characterization of the broker's man. He is the star relief!

* * *

I have received an attractive little pamphlet descriptive of Mr. Currie's Shakespearian Festival, to be played at the Grand Theatre, Croydon, for this week. The first performance will be "As You Like It," 2.30 p.m., Whit Monday. Cora Goffin will play Rosalind. She will also play Beatrice in "Much Ado" and Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" all in the same week. It was precisely this last production that I found so extremely pleasing that I felt compelled to compare it with the late Savoy production, and remember stating, without reserve, that Cora Goffin's "Puck" and Ecca van Leer's "Hermia" were the best presentations of these characters I had ever seen. It is well worth going out to see on Whit Monday at 8, or at the matinée on the following Saturday at 2.30.

* * *

Would you imagine it possible that an artist could conceive such an impression of his tremendous self-importance that he feels it incumbent upon him to refuse to continue his act because some patrons of the hall were taking their seats? You would not credit Little Tich's efforts with any such preponderant value to the community, would you? He is the artist to whom I refer, and it occurred at the Palladium second house last Wednesday evening.

* * *

Little Tich never yet attracted me into any place of amusement, and it would certainly appear an emphasis of the obvious that "our patrons may not be dictated to as to when and how they occupy their seats." This is an extract from Mr. Chris. Marner's tactful speech to the audience, explaining that Tich had taken exception to the gentlemen's entry. Many of us found the polished courtesy of Mr. Marner's "act" a strong and timely relief by contrast with this person's performance.

* * *

The most peculiar and the most noticeable aspect of this incident is that it serves to prove how easily one can dispense with these alleged indispensable acts. There was a beautiful musical scena, The Scarlet Rhapsody, that really was of itself worth the price of admission. Clarice Mayne and "That" were happier and more melodious than ever, and the crowded house was very pleased.

W. R. C. R.

SIR HERBERT TREE REHEARSING FOR HIS NEW ROLE OF "CHUCKER-OUT."

MR. PODMORE CUTS HIS PRIVET.

Mr. Peter Podmore was perspiring profusely what time his thoughts were garbed in explosive golfese. The privet on which he was engaged displayed an obstinate reluctance to wear a respectable aspect, the shears he yielded clamoured for the grindstone, and Mr. Podmore was a duffer at the business.

He had made up his mind that gardening was his strong point—had he not won a bronze medal for a colossal cauliflower at the Dullingham Horticultural Society's show? And he rode his hobby-horse with a persistence worthy of the reward he failed to gain. A life of strenuous toil in selling drapery goods at thirty per cent. below cost price had enabled him to retire with a more than modest competence. He was now a churchwarden, and a churchwarden's frock coat covers a multitude of bargain sales. In the task of tending the hundred or so square yards of rubbly ground surrounding his villa he was ostensibly assisted by a youth who thrust his hands in his pockets and was apparently impressed with the notion that he could make away the weeds. The older residents of Dullingham looked on and smiled. They would have given the newcomer the benefit of their experience had not their advances been met by Mr. Podmore with his special brand of disdain and a sort of shot-gun expression in his eyes.

Click-click went the shears, to the accompaniment of suppressed expletives as the few twigs detached went straight for the operator's face.

"Oh, my dear sir, give it up. Don't waste energy at your time of life. Let me send you on one of our Patent Electric Privet-Planers."

Mr. Podmore turned and savagely surveyed the speaker, from his immaculate spats to the very superior soft felt hat which surmounted his curly chestnut hair.

"What the—how dare you?"

"Don't get excited, Mr. Podmore, for I presume that is your name. This is no work for an elderly gentleman of full habit, and it can be obviated so easily. Now, the Patent Electric Privet-Planer we are putting on the market is just the thing for you. It's a wonder. See, you place the machine, we'll say, at this end, press a button, and the cutter runs along automatically, finishing at the other extremity, and leaving the hedge as level and smooth as a bald head."

Mr. Podmore's panama concealed a cranium which had long since cut all acquaintance with brush and comb. His choler increased and his collar burst from its confines.

"Do you forget, young jackanapes, that an Englishman's house is his castle?"

"And his back, front, and side gardens his outworks—precisely," rejoined the intruder imperturbably. His blue eyes took in some rose trees. "Bless me, Mr. Podmore, the green fly is playing the very deuce with those Gloire de Dijons. You shall have a case of our insecticide and a bag or two of our famous fertiliser."

Mr. Podmore and his shears assumed a threatening attitude.

"Now, sir! What excuse for your impertinence have you to offer? If you had gone to the front door you would have found, plain to the understanding of any average ass, that canvassers are not desirable visitors."

"Exactly so," returned the stranger, his teeth flashing in a laugh. "You can hardly expect me to be in sympathy with you there, but, putting myself in your place, I should probably bar them. I saw Mrs. Podmore, who told me to seek you, and here we are."

"And unless you walk your chalks, young man, you'll find yourself in the lock-up."

"Rot, utter rot, my dear sir. Perhaps I had better give you my card."

Mr. Podmore took the piece of paste-board held out to him and flung it violently on a bed of anæmic geraniums.

"That for your card, sir."

The action was unnoticed by the stranger, who was watching a fairy-like figure in light blue skimming across the scrubby patch which did duty as a lawn.

The young man and young lady became incorporated.

"My darling!" Kiss, kiss. "My angel!" Kiss, kiss. Everything has an end, even lovers' language, and when the store of endearments was exhausted Miss Marjorie looked up at her father, whose eyes were blinking and whose face was pink.

"This is Fred, dad—my fiancé. Mr. Frederick Tarleton, sole proprietor of the Amateur Gardeners' Universal Provider—aren't you, Freddie? You dear stupid old dad, don't you remember how good he was to us when mother and I were with Aunt Betty in Italy? I'm sure we should have been eaten up by brigands or pirates if it hadn't been for Fred."

"My dear sir," exclaimed Mr. Podmore, as the shears dropped from his podgy hand, and beheaded a carnation. "Why didn't you tell me who you were?"

"Oh, father-in-law-to-be, did I not make an effort to do so? My name is inscribed on the card which is now an object of interest to a worm of objectionable size. However, the misunderstanding has been cleared up, and you have only to say, 'Bless you, my children!'"

"And I say it heartily, dear boy."

"Then you will permit me to present you with a Patent Electric Privet-Planer and a cartload of insecticide. The ground needs it."

"You can dump down your entire stock-in-trade," said Mr. Podmore.

HAL VICKE.

THE BITTER CRY.

Every seat in the theatre was occupied, and there were persons standing in each quarter of the house.

A drama of tremendous power and pathos had been unfolded up to the final word of the second act, and, at this point of the play, the heroine stood alone, betrayed and deserted, with no one to comfort and no one to succour her.

The curtain descended, but in response to the applause which surged through the house it once more rose. The actress was alone in the middle of the stage.

Suddenly, just as the curtain again hid the heroine from view, a young man sprang from his seat in the front row of the stalls and cried in a loud and bitter voice:

"Mary de Vere, I've found you at last. Come back to me, come back!"

The name was that of the actress who played the heroine, and the huge audience were thrilled at the overpowering sorrow hidden in the bitter cry. There the young man stood, trembling in every limb and gazing at the curtain which hid the woman from his sight. In a moment he again cried in the same loud voice:

"Mary, come back to me; Mary, come back."

What a sudden and terrible change from imaginary to real tragedy! Everyone in the theatre, including the attendants, was absolutely petrified. No one moved. Would the curtain go up once more? Would the young man see the actress again? Would he once more rend the hearts of the audience with his awful and bitter cry?

The curtain shook, but it did not rise. He cried again:

"Mary, come back; Mary, come back!"

There was a pause.

The curtain remained down—the scene had only taken a few moments to enact.

For two or three more tense seconds the young man stood shaking with emotion and gazing at the curtain. Then, when there was no response to his appeal, with a heart-breaking cry impossible to describe, he rushed breathlessly out of the auditorium into the foyer.

There he was met by a man into whose arms he staggered, and everyone in the stalls crowded out to see the end of the terrible incident.

For a moment the young man strove to recover his breath, and immediately he had done so he turned quickly to his friend and exclaimed:

"I told you so. I've won my bet. I knew she would ignore me, although I am the Duke of Blankton."

"But you haven't won yet," declared his friend.

"How's that?" asked the young Duke.

"Why, her understudy is acting to-night."

A. V. F.

Written by George Bernard Shaw in a book inscribed to Miss Janet Achurch (Mrs. Charles Charrington):

> This book henceforth belongs to Janet,
> The greatest actress on this planet!
> 'Twas written by a fond adorer
> Who saw her first as Ibsen's "Nora."

It ain't on the summits of literature, G.B.S.

CONSEQUENCES.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD GAME.

WHERE THEY MET.

In a world all golden and green and rosy with the flush called forth by the kisses of the sun. She was in a gown white as the meadow-sweet if crushed, and the blue warmth of a summer's sky was in her eyes. Overhead the leaves of the tall swaying poplars rustled silkily. From the near distance came the pleasant sound of the sweep of a scythe.

WHAT HE SAID.

He said just what men have said to women throughout the ages when the day—and the woman—is fair, that she was the sweetest thing the world knew, that all life held for him was woven in the gold of her hair, the white of her skin. She was a rose, a star, a pearl—in fact, to cut a long story short, he told her he loved her.

WHAT SHE SAID.

Well, it was only one word. But then, you see, it meant a lot. It is what a woman always says when a man holds her against his heart, so close that she can feel it beating through flesh and blood and bone till it rests on her, so close that the world narrows itself down to a tweed shoulder and a tender voice. She said "Yes."

WHAT THEY BOTH FORGOT.

That Love in a holiday mood playing truant from school is a very pleasant companion, but that he has a trick of slipping away at awkward moments, leaving his playmates to settle with the headmaster.

WHAT THE WORLD SAID.

Well, the opinion of the world was recorded in the ha'-penny press, and averaged from half a column to three-quarters.

The consequences were that they hated each other far more heartily than they had loved each other, and that the man blamed the woman in the most approved Garden of Eden manner, whereas the whole of the mischief was attributable to a summer day, a summer frock, and the absence of the sometimes inconvenient but wholly useful third.

THE MORAL.

There isn't one. There never is.

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Now that the light car trials and the T.-T. races are things of the past, motorists generally are asking themselves what practical results were yielded by these interesting events. From the point of view of those people who want to buy a car or a cycle public trials are little or no good. It is true that they show the way the wind is blowing. That is to say, if one particular manufacturer's product is continually among the "also rans" the inference is that it should be avoided, and vice versa. But to claim for the winner of one race or trial undoubted superiority over all others is absurd. Really standard models are seldom entered for public competitions. In many cases the latter resolve themselves into mere trials of freaks. Where a more or less standard model is used it is so "tuned up" as often to be almost unrecognisable. Thus it is that we read that one particular make of bicycle which never goes more than eighty to the gallon has in such-and-such a test journeyed, say, 120 miles to the gallon of spirit.

* * *

But even if a collection of really standard machines started for a trial, the element of luck predominates to such an extent that the results are often very misleading. Knowing this, several manufacturers refuse to take part. They say that they see no reason why their reputation should suffer owing to the tyres supplied by somebody else going wrong. And anybody who read an account of the recent trial at Harrogate could not fail to be struck with the number of chance mishaps which put some of the most promising entrants hors de combat. In this particular case, however, the best car won, for few will deny that the Singer stands in a class of its own among the light cars. Comfortable and smooth running, it is just what it should be—the counterpart of a full-size automobile in miniature.

* * *

Really the manufacturer is the person who benefits by these trials and races. Apart from the excellent advertisement which success brings in its train, he learns many [illegible] valuable lessons from the behaviour of his machine under the stringent conditions which are generally enforced. After the event is over he is able carefully to examine his machine. It is then possible to discover what portions have suffered most from the strain—and it is these which are strengthened in the next year's model. The present supremacy position of the British motor-cycle is largely the result of the innumerable competitions for which its predecessors were entered.

* * *

Looking around for possible or probable improvements in the world of petrol one is naturally confronted with the question of price. Is the initial cost too high? This is a problem which it is difficult to answer shortly, but some of our productions certainly do not compare favourably in this respect with those that hail from abroad. It is true that many of the latter have not as yet been properly tested. It is also true that the motto of the American manufacturer seems to be "a short life and a merry one." Whether our small cars will eventually prove as satisfactory as ours is a matter which only time can solve. Meanwhile we may expect the American invasion to set in in real earnest before long.

* * *

Our manufacturers will certainly have to look to their laurels. They are prevented by protective tariffs from securing the large field for their productions that foreigners enjoy, and they therefore cannot avail themselves of the economies that arise out of large production. If they can sell cheaper they must concentrate their energies upon providing a better article.

* * *

Unfortunately those English makers who have taken [illegible] apparently have neither obviously [illegible] quality. [illegible] appears to be to bring out a motorcycle [illegible] Taking everything into consideration, a very excellent [illegible] mount should be procurable at round about that figure. Many of the productions I have seen have been very slipshod looking, however. The saddles and tyres have been cheap, and the plating and enamelling bad. It's no use selling a thing cheap if it isn't good—and that's what the American knows full well.

[illegible], Inc.

TARRANT AND HIS BENEFIT.

In the present season no player has done better than Frank Tarrant, the Australian-born Middlesex cricketer, who has been one of the mainstays of the county for some seasons past, and whose benefit match will begin at Lords on Saturday and continue over Monday and Tuesday. The opponents of Middlesex will be that most sporting side Hampshire, and spectators will be assured of bright and attractive cricket whatever happens to be the result of the match.

Tarrant was born 32 years ago in Melbourne, and is quite a globe-trotter as a cricketer. He is such an enthusiast for the game that when the English season ends he hies him to India and gets another season. It was as a bowler that "Plum" Warner discovered Tarrant at the nets in Australia during one of his tours. He persuaded him to come to England, which was quite to the liking of the young Australian, who qualified for Middlesex, and incidentally qualified to be considered the best all-rounder of the game, and a worthy follower of George Hirst in the position. Doubtless my Yorkshire readers will disagree with my view that Tarrant has yet supplanted Hirst.

It is said of Tarrant that his father, realising the value of left-handed bowling, used to tie Tarrant's right
[illegible] behind him when he was practising on a waste piece of [illegible]d near their Australian home. So it was as a bowler he made his first appearance for the county of his [illegible]option, but gradually he so worked his way up the batting [illegible]t that he soon became recognised as the natural No. 1 [illegible] of the team. And, unlike Rhodes, of Yorkshire, as his batting improved so did his bowling. His 250 not out this week against Essex is his record score, and his bowling already this year has made him the terror of young batsmen, as both 'Varsity teams would be the first to admit. Tarrant is not able to play in international cricket, his Australian birth keeping him out of an English side, and the fact that he is resident in England stops him from getting invitation for Australia. Hard luck, but it has its [illegible]ions.

[illegible]ield Tarrant is a good fellow, and is very popular all classes of players, and to the Lords' spectators [illegible]. Yet he is as modest as the most ordinary cricketer [illegible]. Tarrant is a man who would have made his [illegible] any walk of life, and cricket is fortunate in securing [illegible]vices.

[illegible]hile on the subject of cricket and cricketers and Tar[illegible]50 against Essex, it is amusing to notice the criti[illegible]ich has been levelled against J. W. H. T. Douglas [illegible]ing Middlesex in after winning the toss last week. [illegible]s only one justification for such an action with a [illegible] class of cricket critic [illegible]. Now Johnny does [illegible]m—in fact he revels in it. When he was [illegible] the last M.C.C. touring team, he was criti[illegible]; and the team which he led so successfully [illegible] as the worst which had left England. He [illegible] when he had the temerity to disqualify a Lons[illegible] in the person of Digger Stanley in his [illegible] Curley Walker. Some of his judging in the [illegible]A. championships was also adversely dealt with [illegible] of the know-alls. Still, Johnny remains quite unperturbed, and would repeat any or all of his acts again if the occasion demanded.

What is really the matter with Essex is the fact that the only good bowler in the team is Johnny himself. He won the toss on a wicket that he knew would be exactly suitable to Tarrant and the Hearnes, and Essex might well have been out for less than one hundred. It was possible that their own attack might have met with some luck, for Tarrant and the Hon. R. Anson, who put on 235 runs for the first wicket, were none too comfortable at the start. Then, of course, J. W. Hearne and Tarrant raised the score to 464 for one, and Essex were eventually beaten by an innings. It was bad luck perhaps, but certainly not bad judgment.

BOXING.

The advent of Young Ahearn at the National Sporting Club was eagerly awaited, and when he had out-classed and knocked out Pte. Braddock, the ex-Royal Marine, in the course of the ninth round, he was generally hailed the coming middle-weight champion. It may be so, and certainly Ahearn, who, although of American training is a Lancashire lad, of Preston birth, gave a display against the rushing impetuous Marine that was absolutely first-class. He is a cleanly built, upstanding fellow, and looks more like a light heavy-weight than one who can easily do the middle-weight limit. His footwork was excellent, and he possesses a big punch in both hands. Braddock was made to look like an absolute novice.

Now I should rate Jim Sullivan degrees higher than Braddock, yet on the same night O'Keeffe beat Sullivan almost pointless, and got his name for the second time on the Lonsdale middle-weight belt. To win that which, I understand, is Ahearn's reason for returning to the country of his birth, he will have to beat O'Keeffe. Now the Irishman is a consummate expert in all that relates to boxing. He can adapt himself to all sorts and conditions of men, and except that he has not a very terrible punch he is rarely at a loss for the proper method of attack and defence in any emergency.

Now to be champion Ahearn will have to beat Pat, who has stood for seventeen rounds against Bombardier Wells—and no less a judge than Dick Burge was heard to aver the other night that O'Keeffe would have won could he have punched a bit harder. Still Burge thinks that Blake can beat all the rest of the middle-weights, and he says that Blake is no flier; of course, Burge was a bit prejudiced in favour of Blake when he matched him against Wells, and probably he has not forgotten it. I should have my money on either O'Keeffe or Ahearn at the middle-weight limit against Blake, and on Ahearn at catch weights. He is just the type of boxer to make Blake look silly.

So Willie Ritchie has agreed to make another match with Freddy Welsh for the world's championship, and the match will take place in Olympia in London, under the auspices of Mr. C. B. Cochran, who will also stage the Wells-Colin Bell contest. Ritchie is said to have agreed to the match, but will he keep his bond? He has twice before evaded Welsh, who claims the world's title by reason of Ritchie's default.

THE CHIEL AMANG YE.

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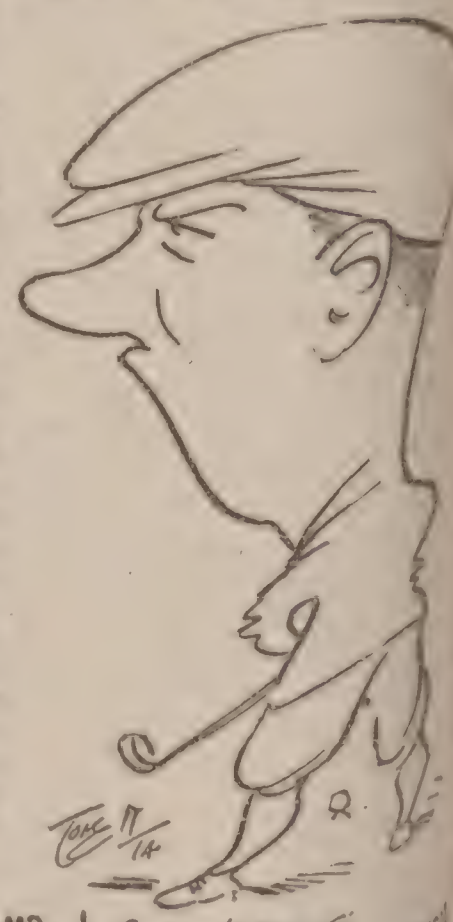
GOLF.

We seem to have jumped from dullness right [into the] heart of competitive golf this year. Ladies at Hun[stanton] Amateur Championship at Sandwich, French Amat[eur] La Boulie, and now we are looking forward to the [Open] which is a tremendous affair with its two qualifying rou[nds] at different courses, and then the meeting of the hundr[ed] survivors at Prestwick.

A lot of the Americans will, of course, play in the [Open]. We have seen Francis Ouimet, "Chick" Evans, [and] Travers well whacked in match play. Will one [of] do a great act, and win under medal and repeat the [feat] Francis Ouimet gained over Vardon, Ray, and [the] America's open tournament last autumn? What a [time] it would be!

Now because they were beaten at Sandwich we [must] underrate these young American golfers. They are [fine] players, and it is said that Ouimet is better at [the] match play. He got one back on C. A. Palmer [and] Travers, when he beat the veteran Birmingham [by] 4 and 2 to play in the French championship.

Mention of Mr. Palmer reminds me of his experience Sandwich, when he was so much annoyed by the writing a certain well-known journalist, who went to Sandwich show golf reporters how the game should be written up. Mr. Palmer, I understand, told him plainly what he thought of his work and there was a lengthy apology in the *Daily Sketch* next day. Meanwhile the regular sporting reporters, although sorry for the sake of both men, could not refrain from a quiet chuckle. In case of further proceedings it is impossible to comment further on the subject, but it was quite the sensation at Sandwich. No, there was no fight.



MR. J. C. L. JENKINS
THE NEW AMATEUR CHAMPION
(FROM A SKETCH TAKEN AT SANDWICH)

Palmer is the old racing cyclist who was contemporary with such giants of the wheel as G. Lacy Hillier, F. Osmond, J. P. Wood, Alphabet Bower, Herbert Synyer, Johnny Adams, and others of the cycle track. He is a wealthy man, lives a country life, and is devoted to golf. He is a jolly good sport, and [is] lar with all who know him, and especially golfers.

But this is a digression, and what is of [more] terest is the probable winner of the "Open." [I] count the likely ones on the fingers of one hand. and foremost comes Harry Vardon, the man who [has] a slight nervousness on the greens would have been [champ] pion year after year. It is good for the game that this great man has his weaknesses.

Next to Vardon this year comes the second of the triumvirate, James Braid restored to health and [good] sight, as good a player as ever, and as likely to [beat] anyone except Vardon. Braid in tinted spectacles [is a] rather pathetic sight, and I rather believe [the] Heath man fancied himself that his days of [championship] prospects were over last season. He has [yet to] keep his place in the illustrous trio, the third [place] which is held by J. H. Taylor, the present [champion].

Then we must take into consideration the [names of] Ted Ray, Sandy Herd, and George Duncan, [the] brilliantly erratic player of the lot. Can any [other] team likely to finish in front of these six. [Next week] may comment on some of the youngsters, who [may] a surprise in the coming tourney.

INANCE & ASSURANCE.

The Stock Exchange has developed a more cheerful tone, as the result of several favourable factors—the settlement passed over more satisfactorily than the market anticipated; money prospects have improved; Consols have recovered a fair advance; the news from Mexico is more reassuring; there is an improvement in the Foreign markets, while Home Rails are making a better showing, in spite the rumours of Labour troubles and the threats of strong action unless the men's demands are conceded. Oils have a fairly firm market, some good business being done at improving prices. Rubbers have recovered from their recent depression, mainly owing to "covering" by nervous bears." The sentiment of the market is that the Synthetic rubber scare has been a little "bear" trick to bring prices still lower. There has been a little buying in the Kaffir market, Paris supporting her favourites. Other sections of the Mining market have been fairly steady, West Africans being a bright spot. According to our anticipations, Canadian Pacifics have been a strong feature, the shares having advanced several points. Berlin has been buying these securities on the strength of the spectacular finds of oil in Calgary, which has developed in those parts into a veritable "boom." Mexicans and Americans have advanced on the rumour that General Huerta is likely to take a "holiday in Europe." Everybody would derive benefit if he decided to take this trip, especially those members of the world's financial circle.

* * *

In the City it is generally accepted that when trade improves the Stock Exchange may hope to see a revival in investment business. There is no doubt that a trade revival is now apparent. The railway goods traffic is an excellent barometer of general trade, and during the first four weeks of this year receipts from goods traffic have increased over half a million. While the Stock Exchange will benefit by the benefit of this reaction it is fervently hoped that an improvement may take place after the holidays, otherwise there will be nothing but absolute ruin for a large number of the smaller and weaker jobbers and brokers who are now becoming desperate.

* * *

In Fleet Street they say that the controlling interest in the *Globe* newspaper has been acquired by the *Pall Mall* group, at the head of which stands Mr. Waldorf Astor, who could well afford the luxury of running half a dozen daily papers.

* * *

A spirited effort has recently been made to convince the public that Home Rails were never cheaper. The optimists point to the yields at present quotations—Midland £5 17s. 3d. per cent.; North-East Consols, 5 per cent.; Hull and Barnsley, £5 14s. 9d.; Caledonian 4½ per cent., £5 13s. 3d., to quote only a few of the apparently tempting bargains now available.

* * *

We still think that investors should hesitate very seriously before succumbing to this temptation in view of the adverse factors that militate against permanent prosperity—possibilities of labour troubles, tram and 'bus competition, the ever-growing burden of rates, taxes, government duty and national insurance. These have absorbed over one-third of the railway's profits of one prominent company. Our point is that those who have money to invest can do better with it than by buying Home Rails, which are liable to a severe set-back at any moment should Labour get out of hand and demand higher wages and shorter hours.

* * *

When Disraeli bought the Suez Canal shares for the British Government he consummated a splendid bargain both from the national and the financial standpoints. Mr. Winston Churchill, apparently eager to reveal his financial genius, has proposed to invest £2,200,000 of Admiralty money in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. We trust that the First Lord will display more prudence than the Prime Minister by declining to sanction this dubious investment. It certainly is not a very *central* investment for Admiralty purposes. The company itself has not hitherto been very successful; although registered in 1909 it has not yet reached the dividend list.

* * *

Mr. Boverton Redwood, the expert author of the latest Oil handbook [illegible] The company is strongly backed and holds an extensive concession, but results have been so far disappointing. The shares must necessarily be regarded as speculative." It is very probable that the Government would be better served at lower cost by buying its oil on contract in the usual manner. If the State is to buy oil shares, why not coal shares, meat shares, biscuit shares, and so on? We shall not be surprised to see Lord Charles Beresford and his friends presenting some caustic criticisms of this project when the House discusses the subject after the holidays.

* * *

One of the most profitable features of assurance is the facilities it offers for the purchase of a house for occupation, paying for it out of income in instalments spread over a term of years. There are certain sound companies which transact this class of business, and they offer attractive terms to the man who without capital can yet save a certain amount out of his income in order to become the owner of the house he lives in.

* * *

Suppose a man wants to buy a house worth £300 and already possesses £100; he can borrow the remaining £200 on the security of the house and repay the loan, expenses and interest over a period of twenty years. This will cost him about £17 12s. per annum, so that the total cost of his house would be the £350 odd paid to the company, plus the £100 invested by himself, or a total of £450 for a £300 house. While the interest charged may appear heavy, it must be remembered that during these twenty years he would have paid rent to some landlord. Moreover, had he died at any time during the twenty years the house would have been handed over to his legal heirs, free from any debt, thus materially benefiting the widow and children (if any) in time of grief and disaster.

* * *

The yearly payment covers expenses, interest, life assurance and redemption of each £100 advanced; the lowest sum advanced at these rates being £300. The company pays all legal expenses and surveying fees, except where the special conditions involve extra expense, or when more than one property is submitted as security. When a young man is contemplating matrimony and takes out a policy three or four years before marriage he saves a substantial sum. Five years' delay would mean the loss of about 50 per cent. on the price of the house.

* * *

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

The following securities yield over 4 per cent. at present quotations:—

	Price.	Yield. Per Cent. £ s. d.
New South Wales 4 per cent., 1942-62	99½	4 0 6
Melbourne (City of) 4 per cent Debentures, 1915-22	98	4 1 7
Perth (City of), 1942	95	4 4 2
Hobart (City of), 4½ per cent. Debentures, 1933	104	4 6 6

* * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Replies are sent by post to readers enclosing stamped addressed envelope

"Buyer" (Swansea).—Brokers you mention are firm of excellent standing, with whom you may safely deal. While there is a minimum official commission, a broker can charge more than that, at his discretion.

"Jock" (Edinburgh).—We are of opinion that the Chartered Company is likely to secure an equitable decision from the Privy Council regarding the renewal of its charters in view of the many "bull" points that it can adduce concerning its general record and achievements. Local opinion favours the company.

"Kaffirs" (Colchester).—Our opinion of Modder B is that it is a very fair speculative investment, yielding nearly 11 per cent. at present quotations. This dividend is likely to increase, and the general prospects for the mine are promising. When the Kaffir market moves, Modder B should benefit.

"K.W." (Gloucester).—You have consulted us "after" entering upon your commitments, instead of "before." Sorry we cannot assist you to remedy the situation. The policy is issued and must be maintained.

"Annuity" (Penzance).—A male, 35 last birthday, could draw £57 1s. yearly for a lump sum down of £1,000. The rate for the female at same age is £54 17s. per annum, payable yearly. No medical examination is required.

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1. *Inexpensive,*
2. *Continuous,* and
3. *Permanently Curative.*

The inventor has named his discovery of the "Galvopad Insoles" after Galvani, the famous scientist who discovered Galvanism, or Galvanic Electricity. This Galvanic current has been proved by scientists to be the form of energy most akin to what is known as "Animal (human) Electricity." It is the lack of this human electricity that gives rise to such distressing health conditions.

If you are a sufferer you do not need to be informed that you lack the vitality of this subtle element of life, this "something" that is necessary for the running of our whole system.

Try to imagine then, the importance of this valuable discovery of a method of imparting new energy to your sluggish system. This, however, is precisely the improvement that is brought about in yourself by wearing a pair of GALVOPAD INSOLES. The GALVOPAD INSOLES are in the form of a series of metal plates, or foot batteries, shaped to the feet, and are worn between the inside of the boots (or shoes) and the socks (or stockings).

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Within from three to ten days (according to the amount of poison in your system) the GALVOPAD INSOLES can no doubt furnish evidence of the poisonous uric acid being withdrawn from your body by the sweat pores of the feet. The GALVOPAD INSOLES can easily be cleaned with some metal-cleaning powder.

This may sound too good to be true, especially when the low price (5s. a pair) of the GALVOPAD INSOLES is taken into consideration.

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RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

That the English three-year-olds are a moderate lot this year was emphasised in no uncertain manner in the Derby. Durbar II. had made only a moderate show in the French "Guineas," and it was not generally expected that the colt would beat our cracks. Mr. H. B. Duryea's horse, however, beat them all pointless, his success being gained with ease. It makes one wonder how those horses which beat Durbar II. in the French "Guineas" would treat the best of our crowd.

Mr. H. B. Duryea, who owns Durbar II., is a wealthy American, whose racing stables are in France. He owns a big stud farm near Montabord. Mr. Duryea was disappointed in not winning the Derby in 1913, when his colt Sweeper II. started favourite but failed to secure a place. Sweeper II. had previously won the Two Thousand Guineas, but failed to stay in the Derby.

It was only the second occasion that the race has been won by a French-trained horse, but Durbar II. is not a French-bred horse, as was Gladiateur, the winner of 40 years ago. Durbar II. is by Rabelais-Armenia, and his sire is an English horse, so we do get some consolation for our failures in the race.

The coming week's racing will provide plenty of first-class sport, Whitsuntide holiday makers being well catered for. Hurst Park, Redcar, and Wolverhampton, all new fixtures, commence on Whit Monday; Manchester and Epsom from Wednesday to Saturday, with Lingfield Park meeting on Friday and Saturday.

The most important race of the week is the Manchester Cup, which comes up for decision on Friday. Although the acceptance for this handicap is not a large one, there are some very useful horses left in, and a pretty good field will face the starter. Aleppo, winner of the Chester Cup, is at the head of affairs with 9 stone, and his stable companion, The Curragh, who won the Kempton Jubilee Handicap, has, including a ten pounds penalty, 8st. 7lb. October, another from the same stable, has 7st. 7lb., so Manton is well represented.

Lorenzo, who won the Manchester Cup last year with 8st. 3lb., now has 9lb. more to shoulder, and has a chance on his form of this season. Robinson, the Epsom trainer, has three candidates, Hare Hill, Rattlebone, and Fitzrichard. Hare Hill, it will be recalled, created a furore in the wagering on the Chester Cup, in which he ran so well for a mile and a half—the distance of the Manchester Cup—that he must now possess a good chance of winning. Another well-fancied candidate is Jardine, 7st. 7lb., who is now at his best. Beauvo may figure prominently, and Redwood is likely to win a race over the course before long. The pair, however, should fall to

JUNIOR

Hare Hill, and Taylor's selected is likely to be

At Hurst Park on Monday Carwyn may win the Whitsuntide Plate, Austen the Monday Two-Year-Old Plate, and Curram the Holiday Handicap. The Durham Cup on the second day may fall to Kingsmarkham. Three-Year-Old Maiden Plate to Polydamas.

The Shardley Gold Cup on the first day at Wolverton may be won by Cerval, and the Alleighton Handicap by Court Cards. On Tuesday Orbit may win the Whitsuntide Handicap, and Dance Quickly in the Selling Handicap are likely to score.

On Monday, at Redcar, Tan may win the Saltburn Cup, and Admiral Dan the Esplanade Maiden Plate. For the Skelton Handicap on the concluding day will be Liquorice, and the Longhaugh Handicap for Upper Class.

The Castle Irwell Handicap on the opening day at Manchester may fall to Kempenough, and the Stanwell Two-Year-Old Handicap to Clap Gate. On the same day Last Stand may take the Two-Mile Handicap, and Nephalia the Beaufort Handicap. I have already dealt with the Manchester Cup on Friday, when Sillery may score, and the Brackley Welter Handicap. Prester Jack should win the Salford Borough Handicap on Saturday, and Acro the City Selling Handicap.

At Lingfield on Friday Dundrum seems to hold a chance in the Village Handicap, as does Green Carnation in the High Class Selling Handicap. Short Grass may win a good race this season, and his turn may come in the Imperial Handicap on the second day. Pluto Venture should secure the Godstone Two-Year-Old Plate.

CLARENCE'S SIXTH SENSE.

There is no doubt that Clarence possessed a sixth sense—a telepathic recognition of the beautiful. Now had he been an artist or a sanitary engineer this talent would doubtless have been of great assistance to him in his profession, but unfortunately he was neither of these, he was merely a bank clerk of the common or garden kind, and consequently this sixth sense was more of a hindrance than a help.

It seems fairly certain that this gift was born in him, for even as an infant in arms Clarence had displayed a very pretty taste in nurses.

His fond mamma had been known to sigh as she remarked that this was a curious case of heredity. His papa, by the way, always denied this stoutly.

Be that as it may, there is no doubt that Clarence was expelled from his first school for penning passionate poems to the matron.

At nineteen he was rather a pretty boy, with a nice taste in socks, and still very keen on collecting impressions of the beautiful. On a rainy day he had been known to miss several 'buses, merely for the pleasure of making way for a noteworthy specimen of the opposite sex. Incidentally he had noticed that the steps of certain motor-'buses are perceptibly higher than those of others.

It was one evening on his way home that he encountered his perfect specimen of the petite blonde. The 'bus was tightly packed, and the way in which he manœuvred to make room beside him was rather clever.

Clarence noted her little smile of appreciation, and was quite content. What particularly appealed to him was her gracefulness. The pretty turn of her wrist as she paid the fare enchanted him—her taste in gloves was exquisite.

He had already noticed that her skirt was rather daringly slashed, and he wished that one day he might meet her at a Tango Tea.

He was certainly a resourceful youth, and the way in which he marked time as he foraged for his small change was masterly.

"How much to the Town Hall, Fulham?" she smiled.

"Tuppence," grunted the conductor—a married man with troubles enough of his own.

Clarence employed the moment's respite in noting the contents of the lady's wrist bag. A few coins, a powder puff and a library list. The latter looked promising, but, as Clarence truly reflected, you never can tell.

"Any more fares, please?" said the conductor.

"A tuppenny one," said Clarence firmly. He trusted that his tone appeared sufficiently natural.

Before long he had occasion to be grateful to a certain Borough Council, which had so neglected its duties that it had allowed one of its high roads to fall into a shocking state of disrepair.

The 'bus swayed and jolted alarmingly.

Clarence perceived that his sixth sense was not at fault; his neighbour's nether limb was shaped divinely. Presently the back of her tiny suede-gloved hand touched his, and he thrilled in ecstacy. He returned a slight responsive pressure.

At their alighting place he showed charming discretion, and was rewarded by a backward glance and smile.

He quickened his pace along the Fulham Road and presently he felt that the psychological moment had arrived. Afterwards he thanked his lucky stars that he had refrained from lifting his hat. The look that he received was positively paralysing.

He fell back in temporary disorder. Surely he could not have been guilty of what is vulgarly known as a "bloomer." And then suddenly he understood. She was being met by a masculine thing in tweeds, very large, very muscular and rather demonstrative.

Clarence registered a determination to invest in a few lessons from Bombardier Wells.

The next few weeks he might have been seen haunting a particular patch of pavement between the hours of 6.30 and 8. Indeed, he might have been haunting that particular patch to the present day, had it not been for his chance visit to the Tête-a-Tête tea rooms in Regent Street.

A party of girls occupied the largest alcove. They were all very chirpy and a little inclined to giggle.

"My dear," said a tall brunette, "I have been having any amount of fun—no less than thirteen scalps in the last fortnight."

"Suffragettes," Clarence thought to himself.

"Oh, but, my dear," came from a seductive little person with her back to him, "I have had a prize idiot in tow for weeks. He jogged my elbow in a 'bus all the way along the Fulham Road, and now he is actually haunting our house. He was there for a good hour last night in that pouring rain—getting absolutely soaked. You never saw such a fool."

There was a squeal of appreciation during which the prize idiot grabbed his hat and made a rapid exit.

It was at this point in his career that Clarence took to drink.

In the Chandos that evening the barmaid thought him strangely unresponsive. He tossed off his third Crème de Menthe with a reckless gesture.

"After all, who cares?" he said.

BERNARD DEVON.

A well-known suffragette was recently talking to a reporter about the comparative deceitfulness of men and women.

"Women," said the reporter, "are the more deceitful."

"No," said the suffragette, "men are the worse. Look at the way they deceive their wives."

"Do you claim," the reporter asked, "that men should never deceive their wives?"

The would-be voter smiled. "Oh, no," she said. "How could the average man ever get a wife if he didn't deceive her?"

* * * *

HIS WAY.

"I never return borrowed money," said Beatley. "You see, people are so close-fisted nowadays that when I borrow a dollar they make me feel that I have earned it."

* * *

A dean of a certain cathedral was one day walking through the precincts when he came upon a labourer at work on a small plastering job. The man looked up at him, and went on with his work without touching his cap.

This lack of due respect nettled the dean, who purposely passed the place shortly afterwards. Again the man failed to salute, and the dean said, reprovingly:

"My man, do you know who I am? I am the dean of this cathedral."

The labourer glanced from the short-tempered cleric to the lofty building, and replied:

"And a very good berth, too. Mind you keep it!"

SALE AND EXCHANGE.

Readers or advertisers can insert advertisements in this column to buy or sell goods at the rate of 2d. per word. Instructions must be sent with remittance so as to reach this office on or before Tuesday morning of each week. Letters should be addressed: Advertisement Department, 20-21, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.

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OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

Husband: I wish you would not make so many grammatical errors.

Wife: What's the matter with 'em. Ain't they as good as your mother used to make?

* * *

AS CLASSIFIED.

Gentleman (in library): Where can I find the book entitled "Man, the Ruler of the World," please?

Attendant: You will probably find it just across the hall in the fiction department.

* * *

THE AMATEUR PHILOSOPHER.

Life is like the turning of a wheel, and it takes about four generations to complete a revolution. The first one wants the money, the second finds out how to make it, the third learns how to spend it, and the fourth has to discover how to get along without it.

* * *

Milly: Yes, he actually had the impudence to kiss me.

Lilly: The idea! Of course you were indignant?

Milly: Oh, yes. Every time.

* * *

CLASSIFIED.

Uncle Ezra (on first visit to city, in front of door): "It's all marble in there, Eban; but I don't know what kind of a place it is."

Uncle Eben (ditto): "Don't show your ignorance, Ezra. If the people are wrapped up, it's a Turkish bath; if they ain't got much on, it's a fashionable restaurant."

* * *

THE REAL NEED.

Willis: They have got motor-cars within the reach of the average man's purse now.

Gillis: Yes. Now I hope they'll get them within reach of the average man's understanding.

* * *

"Here, sir," said the antique dealer, displaying a huge sword to a clerical looking collector. "Ever see anything more interesting than that. That's Balaam's sword."

"But, my good man, that cannot be," said the dominie. "Balaam never had a sword. He only wished for one."

"Quite right, sir," said the dealer. "This is the one he wished for!"

* * *

SO THOUGHTFUL.

Lillie: I hear that your father is to replace your motor car with an aeroplane.

Tillie: Yes, poor dear! He thinks we can't see the milliners' show windows from an aeroplane."

VANITY.

Aunt: "Deah me! How ugly those distorting mirrors make one look!"—"Sydney Bulletin."

PERHAPS.

"And what do you propose to do now, William?" asked his father of the son who had just come home after graduation at college.

"Oh," yawned the optimistic young man, "I think I'll go over to New York and look for a position at $5,000 per—you understand? At $5,000 per."

"Oh, yes," said the old man. "I understand. You mean at $5,000 perhaps."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

* * *

The Criterion Restaurant, we see, is advertising a *Souper Dansant*. Personally we dislike the kind of supper which, when eaten, will not lie down and rest.—*Punch.*

* * *

NUFF SAID.

"You are charged," said a magistrate, "with talking back to an officer. Have you anything to say?"

"Dayvil a word, Your Honour," replied the culprit. "Oi've said too much alreddy."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

* * *

ALWAYS THE WAY.

Deacon Snodgrass: "Dear me! How shocking! Pshaw! I left my glasses at home!"—"Puck."

HARD UP.

As the watch went in the pawn shop,
I heard it sadly groan,
"This will be a dismal place—
I'm going to be a loan."

—*Illinois Siren.*

* * *

IN BAWSTON.

Sunday School Teacher: "And why are you smiling, Reginald?"

Reggie: "It's all so amusing. When Eve pilfered the forbidden fruit, she couldn't attribute her monomania to heredity.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

* * *

VANITY.

She: "I like the way that man looks."

Her: "Why, he's positively ugly!"

She: "Yes; but he's looking at me."—*Stanford Chaparral.*

* * *

YES.

"Edith, is that young man gone?" called the landlady at ten bells.

"Yes, completely," came the answer.—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

As I write these notes Whit Sunday is a day or two distant, and the tailors are working day and night to keep pace with the demand for suits. The number ordered during the last few days breaks all records. This is, of course, due in some degree to the boom in trade, for everyone seems very prosperous. But in any case many men order clothes now as naturally as they choose Christmas cards towards the end of December. May and June are quite the best months of the year for smart new clothes, and one takes a particular pleasure in discarding the faithful suit whose time-stained exterior has done its best to withstand March winds and November damp. In this climate of ours not many men can afford to buy a really good summer suit, and the majority choose attire which will be suitable for wear until autumn once again comes round. And, after all, when the thermometer does the high jump to ninety it's quite easy to discard one's waistcoat, thereby converting a spring into a summer "outfit."

* * *

There can be little doubt that the present generation spend more at their tailors than did any of their predecessors. Nowadays there is such a very much wider selection to be obtained, and styles are far more graceful than they were in mid-Victorian times. In addition, those who work in this bustling, bustling twentieth century have perforce to recognise the value of good clothes. People have to judge others by first impressions; and, after all, first impressions are largely dominated by the crease in the trousers or the hang of the coat. The "boom" in clothes is excellent from all points of view, and certainly an orderly exterior generally conduces to an orderly mind. So far as I know the only disadvantage is the fillip it has given to the operations of the thirty-shilling tailor.

* * *

But to return to Whitsuntide suitings. It is now that the so-called "flannels" begin to be seen about. Really the striped blue "creations" that are quite de riguer at Margate are not flannel at all. This year at any rate they will be Saxony cloths, which are cool to wear and at the same time keep their shape excellently. The most fashionable design in "flannels" will be a slate blue with white stripes. This has unfortunately its disadvantages, for it can be easily imitated in the very cheapest grades of cloth. A really good tailor will welcome these imitations. They put him on his mettle. The commoner a cloth is the more difficult it is to produce from it a distinctive suit—and that's where the skilled craftsman scores.

* * *

A really expert cutter will give an "exclusive" note to these blue and white "reach-me-downs." If he is "tip-top" he will be able to make each customer appear to be dressed differently, though all have chosen the same cloth. A summer suit indeed presents almost as many difficulties as the regulation evening dress. In the latter case, however, some little "engineering" skill has, too, to be exercised, for the coat has to be moulded to the figure in such a manner that it will fit perfectly without the assistance of buttons. It is therefore wise to patronise the very best man both for evening dress and for summer wear.

* * *

The flannel suit should be either grey or blue with silk stripes. Three buttons should be fitted to the coat, for the two-button style is hardly suitable for a soft cloth. It looks excellent with a fairly stiff tweed, but a flannel coat made in this way might be rather apt to lose its shape earlier than it otherwise would. For the same reason the pockets should be made with flaps and the back without a slit. It should be carefully shaped to the figure, and the waist line must be sharply defined. The waistcoat is best cut rather high, for the evenings at the seaside are often cool, and some protection for the chest is very necessary. Permanent turn-ups should be fitted to the trousers, which are cut à la peg-top, and are not worn very long. With this kind of suit "Tony Red" shoes should be adopted. The surface of these, of a rich tan shade, resembles polished mahogany. The ordinary brown shoes are completely out of fashion, and are very rarely seen in London.

* * *

The 'Varisty suit, of a sports coat and grey flannel trousers, will again be much in evidence this year. Brown Harris tweeds will no longer be "the thing" for the jackets. But for the checks, all the clothes from which they are being made are of a more or less subdued tone. Black and white mixtures of cotton and silk, and herring-bone tweeds in light greys and dark browns will all be popular. There is a tendency to rescue the sports jacket from its somewhat outré ancestry, and to convert it into a sort of utility lounge coat. For this reason leather buttons will be less in evidence. The coat should have four buttons, and the trousers should be cut very full. The latter should not match the coat. Conversely grey flannels should never be worn for tennis. This is considered bad form, and the obvious inference is that the offender is trying to reduce his laundry bill.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

I. I. (South Melbourne).—Many thanks for cutting of which we have made use. The devil is never so black as he is painted.

A. R. C. (Dublin).—It is impossible to answer your questions as the many different shipping lines have widely differing procedure. Stewards on ships are of all ages and sizes, and their duties and their hours vary considerably. Don't have anything to do with the frauds who advertise offering stewards' billets. Try the steamship people direct.

B. S. (Glasgow).—Have sent your letter along to the expert in hieroglyphics at the British Museum, and may be able to give you a reply on receipt of his report. But we think you are doing an injustice to some honest maker of typewriters.

T. J. (Twickeneham).—If a schoolboy of ten submitted such an effort to his drawing-master he would be flogged. Our only punishment is the W.P.B.

A. L. M. (West Norwood).—Thanks for your "original" jokes, but we take in the American and French comic papers ourselves, and our office boy is a dandy with the scissors.

MOTORING.

Motor-cyclist (Bradford).—For air leaks in the carburetter try binding with insulating tape.

E. W. B. (Ipswich).—Do not inject any sticky mixtures into the inner tubes. We once tried with success a dry mixture of two parts chalk to one part flowers of sulphur.

F. K. (Woodbridge).—The "Automobile Association and Motor Union" is the best organisation for motorists of all kinds. It gives most benefits.

"CAPTAIN SAUNDERS."

G. B. S. (Putney).—Our experience with washable collars has not been satisfactory.

Inquirer (Bath).—Light brown boots are out of fashion.

K. T. (Kennington).—With a light tweed suit the best tie to wear is one of black knitted silk. Also ties can be obtained made out of vegetable fibre which is indistinguishable from silk for sixpence or a shilling each.

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DIAMOND'S
FREE "DOUBLETS"
COMPETITION.

3,572 PRIZES VALUE £1,820

NO ENTRANCE FEE.

First Prize £100	Second Prize £20	20 Prizes Value each £5

50 PRIZES VALUE EACH £2	500 PRIZES VALUE EACH £1	1,000 PRIZES VALUE EACH 10/-	2,000 PRIZES VALUE EACH 5/-

What you have to do.

Choose your examples from those given below:—

Lovely Lucerne.	Built on Honesty.
Sunny Switzerland.	Money Losing.
Dependable Cutlery.	Friend Making.
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Diamond's Best.	Invites Investigation.
Prompt Payments.	Press Unanimous.
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Lucky Shilling.	Long Established.
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Having chosen an example, think of TWO or THREE other words which in their meaning have some bearing on the example used. The first and last words selected must begin with any of the letters in the example chosen. If three words are selected, any word can be used as the middle word. For instance, if you take the example "easY Money," and take the letters "M" and "Y," using the word "be" as the middle word, you can make the "Doublet" "May be Yours."

The promoter undertakes that all "Doublets" received shall have careful consideration and the prizes awarded according to his opinion of their merit, but his decision as to the prize-winners must be accepted by all competitors as final and legally binding in all respects, and entries are accepted only on this understanding.

The promoter will not hold himself responsible for postcards lost or misluid. In the event of two or more Competitors sending in the same winning "Doublet" the prize will be divided. Employees of H. Diamond are not allowed to compete. No correspondence can be entered into concerning this competition, and this announcement contains all the available information.

Entries must be by postcard only. Letters will be disqualified. Postcards to Lucerne require a penny stamp; those insufficiently stamped will not be accepted.

There are no entrance fees of any kind. There is nothing to pay, either now or later. You will not be asked to buy anything or to sell anything. There are no conditions except those stated in this announcement. Each competitor is limited to one entry only, which must be in his or her own handwriting. Breach of this rule will disqualify all entries sent by that competitor.

WRITE THIS ON A POSTCARD.

I enter your "Doublets" Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions advertised in "Modern Life," and agree to accept the published decision as finally and legally binding.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Example .....

Doublet .....

(Not more than three words may be used.)

Postcards must be marked "FREE" in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to H. DIAMOND, Lucerne, Switzerland. The closing date is Saturday, June 27th. Be sure and put a penny stamp on your postcard or we shall refuse delivery. Reasonable time must be allowed for careful consideration of all entries, but the result of the Competition will be announced not later than July 25th. All postcards must be plainly written in ink; must be worded like the above example, and must contain no other matter. The Competition is quite free and is open to all.

H. DIAMOND, Lucerne, SWITZERLAND.

Printed by J. G. Hammond and Co., Ltd., 32-36, Fleet Lane, Old Bailey, E.C. and Published by MODERN LIFE, LIMITED, 20 and 21, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C. Annual Subscription 6s. 6d., to be sent to MODERN LIFE, Subscription Department, 20, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C. Sole Agents for Colonies: Gordon and Gotch. Agents for the Continent: Messageries Hachette and Cie., Paris.